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The life of the modern poet

JOHN BERRYMAN's poetry ripened from dignified impersonality to comic egoism, and declined from that into sober self-[...]olation. It is the work of the middle [...]d that holds and rewards its reader best. [...] to create that union of mask and exposé, [...] poet had to come to terms with the dis-[...] facts of his early life.

[Be]rryman's parents were devout Roman [Cath]olics living in a small town in Oklahoma. [A]t the age of five John used to serve at [...] for a priest he adored, and he went to [a C]atholic school. But his father, a pros-[pero]us banker named John Allyn Smith, [...] and baselessly accused his wife of [...]ing to leave him. The couple had two [...] John and a younger child, Jefferson. It [...] as if the father preferred John; he [...] fishing and shooting with the boy, and [...]imes took him along on military man-[oeuvr]es—for Mr Smith was an officer in the [Natio]nal Guard. The mother, a schoolteacher, [...] to have preferred the younger, less [...]le son.

[Wh]en John was ten years old, the family [move]d to Tampa, Florida, on the Gulf of [Mexi]co. Here the piety survived while the [matr]imonial agitation grew. Mr Smith now [...] threatening to take one of his sons, [...] out to sea, and drown himself with [the b]oy. Finally, the father shot himself [outsi]de the window of John's room.

[Mr]s Smith then moved her family to New [...] where she was courted by another [...]r, John Angus McAlpin Berryman, [...] her elder son feared and disliked. She [marri]ed Mr Berryman and he adopted the [...] who took his name. Meanwhile, John [gave] up Catholicism and began writing. When [he w]as fourteen, he left home to go to [an E]piscopal school in Connecticut. Here he [...] to like the chaplain and Episcopalian-[...]ut spent four unhappy years at odds [with] the other boys and thinking constantly [of su]icide. Once he lay down on the tracks [...] a train and had to be pulled off.

[...]y when he reached Columbia University [...] Berryman meet a fatherly mentor who [...] him as a lifetime model. This was [Mark] Van Doren, the distinguished scholar [and t]eacher who also had a reputation as a [poet]. At Columbia, Berryman lost his religi-[ous fa]ith, attended all Van Doren's classes, [and e]vidently decided to follow his master's [exam]ple; for poetry, teaching, and scholar-[ship b]ecame the lines of his own career. He [...] wrote poems about death and learnt to [imitat]e first Auden, then Yeats. On taking [his d]egree, he won a fellowship that sent [him to] Clare, Cambridge. In England, Berry-[man] launched himself as a man of letters. [He m]et Dylan Thomas and had tea with [...]. He wrote more poetry and projected [a crit]ical life of Shakespeare. Returning to [the U]nited States in 1938, he found his way [into] the literary circles of the *Partisan [Revie]w*, the *Kenyon Review*, and the liberal [...]les. Delmore Schwartz, even more [...]g in conversation than in print, be-[came] the closest of his friends.

[For] the next sixteen years Berryman [...]d much ambition but did not distin-[guish] himself in a memorable way from [other] poets of his generation. He taught [at var]ious universities and published poems [in vis]ible places. He composed a powerful [sonne]t sequence but kept it in his desk. He [wrote] good criticism and a few short stories, [and a]lso produced a superb biographical [study] of Stephen Crane.

[Onl]y in the work on Crane, glowing with [psych]ological insight and deeply sympathetic [to hi]s subject, do Berryman's real preoccu-[patio]ns obtrude themselves. His sense of [guilt] over his father's death had encased [him] in a melancholy that turned him to [alcoh]ol. It was probably disillusionment with [his m]other that made him into a frantic [Don J]uan, inclined to humiliate every woman [he m]ight seduce. His feelings towards his [broth]er were transformed into a rivalry with [other] young poets, screened by quasi-frat-[ernal] affection. His rootlessness—the abrupt [chang]es in his home, his religion, his name—brought out a troubled awareness of the gap between the social person and the private self.

Excluded from the early poems was the hesitant inarticulateness of the worried beginner trying to find his feet on strange and challenging ground. As a talker Berryman held listeners with irreverent anecdotes and comic outbursts; as a poet he strove to sound dignified and meditative. Over his disorderly cycle of melancholy, alcohol and sex he maintained a literary façade that grew thinner and thinner. "The Lovers", a story he published in 1945, suggests the uneasiness Berryman felt at the fraudulence of his act.

Yet the early poems disclose some qualities that mark all his verse. Bewitched by Auden, Berryman preferred rhymed, stanzaic forms to free verse. To frame or start many of the poems, he used public facts—international crises, social disorders, the miscellaneous news of the day; and there are subtle particularities of time and place in the designs. For all his impersonality, the disembodied poet intervenes constantly between his subject and the reader. Often, a deliberately ruptured syntax quarrels with the unbroken surface of style, suggesting an inarticulate self behind the literary character. To see the more transitory features of the poems Berryman wrote before 1946, one need not look far, because he summarized them, half-deliberately, in a sketch of Auden's early work: "ominous, flat, and social; elliptical and indistinctly allusive; casual in tone and form, frightening in import".

Berryman married in 1942 (on Dylan Thomas's birthday, the day before his own) a bright, patient woman. But the melancholy, heavy drinking, and sexual gamesmanship went on. At Princeton in the spring of 1946 he fell in love with a bibulous younger woman who beat him at his own sport. She had a husband and child; so the affair turned into a chain of deceits, separations, furtive meetings, and—for the poet—scorching guilt. Berryman's chronic need to suffer pain became acute in sexual passion; the woman who lured him and hurt him would hold him. Before autumn his mistress decided she could live without the poet, and abandoned Berryman to his "helpless and devoted wife".

The hysterical sonnets in which he recorded this affair exhibit the chaos of his hidden personality. Their energy, furiously breaking over the pattern of the Italian rhyme scheme, almost justifies the rupture of syntax which the poet indulges in. But the hodge-podge language and jumble of images reduce the total effect to grotesquerie. What Berryman gained from the experiment was the discovery that his inner character made a stronger centre for a poem than the one he cultivated as an author. He also began to appreciate the grace of inarticulateness as a disarming style for conveying the nature of his protagonist: weak, corrupt, and self-absorbed.

Suppressing the sonnets (which were not published for twenty years), Berryman continued to write impersonal poems, with the influence of Robert Lowell added to that of Auden and Yeats. One group called "Nervous Songs" made use of his panics and introspective gloom. In them the poet tried to re-create the consciousness of several neurotic types. All of them are obscure, morbid self-examinations by anxious persons. Since Berryman could only imagine other people as aspects of himself, the element of dramatic monologue fails. Yet these poems fix some of his old virtues and establish new ones. He keeps the exhilarating dialectic of the sonnets, in which the poet speaks from sharply contrasted points of view, replies to himself or his mistress, and suddenly drops one tone for its opposite. Each poem has three stanzas of six pentameter lines rhymed unpredictably. The form is looser than the sonnet but rigid enough to make significant barriers to the waves of feeling. Dedicated to his brother, the "Nervous Songs" suggest Berryman's feeling that he had now produced something not matched by his rivals.

The outcome of his Princeton love affair darkened the poet's suicidal gloom, and he turned to psychoanalysis. For the rest of his life he had to spend long periods in private or group therapy, or in a hospital; and finally he joined Alcoholics Anonymous. But with all this care he still deteriorated, and during his last months the Minneapolis police used to pick him up and take him to a "detoxification centre". If the knowledge he wrung from so much sorrow could not at last preserve him, Berryman was able to apply it to scholarship in a profoundly rewarding way; and his Freudian study of Stephen Crane appeared in 1950. Meanwhile, it seems, he had conferred on Robert Lowell the part of the younger brother whom he wished to excel. After Lowell brought out *The Mills of the Kavanaughs*, Berryman completed a poem matching its design. The two works are stanzaic and of comparable lengths. Both of them are humourless meditations in which a wife considers her relation to her husband while the poet's voice moves in and out of the frame. American history and problems of religious faith supply the intellectual substance of both.

Berryman's *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* includes two peculiarly strenuous passages. In one, ending the first third of the poem, the young Puritan bride tries to express the pain she feels in giving birth to a child. In the other, much longer passage, filling the middle third, the poet imagines himself communing with her spirit and in effect seducing her.

It is entirely in Berryman's character that he should have Anne Bradstreet speak of the miseries and isolation of colonial life, dwell on the agony of an accouchement, and undergo a seduction of her spirit by that of the poet. His imagination of women tends always to the idea of a lonely girl who desires him and whom he may love and leave because otherwise she will leave him. His idea of love tends to voluptuousness, not tenderness, and not a passion for an irreplaceable person. Because he liked to compare writing to parturition and poems to children, Berryman could easily supply the voice of a wife who writes didactic verse while producing eight children. Because he believed the creator of high art must serve an apprenticeship to pain, there is hardly any limit to the suffering he can inflict on Anne Bradstreet. Infatuated with his own creation, he cries, "I miss you Anne". Absent from other joys, she says "I *want* to take you for my lover".

The stanza form is difficult, involving four different line lengths and an intricate rhyme scheme. To fit his words in, Berryman disrupts his syntax even more arbitrarily here than in his sonnets. His conceits and language are again frantic with incongruity. If the poem received unusual attention, the reason is that a shocking mixture of religiosity with sexuality will attract intelligent

[JOHN] BERRYMAN
[...]ons, Etc
Faber and Faber. £1.50.

readers if it is served in exalted language. The rapt solemnity of the poet's posture discouraged a frivolous response to his vagaries. The obscurity of the poem, its air of historical learning, its quasi-sublimity of tone, all protected it from the judgment it might have drawn.

Within the bizarre design of *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* one finds valuable devices. If Berryman chose a difficult stanza, he employed it flexibly, varying rhyme scheme and line length. One sees the possibility of a form complex in itself and so handled as to offer interesting variations. The give and take between author and protagonist, the quick changes of voice and viewpoint—especially in the middle section of the poem—recapture the life-giving dialectic of the sonnets. The blurring of identities, sometimes leaving us unsure of the speaker, reminds us of Berryman's brooding over selfhood. A thoughtful reader cannot escape the impression that the poet is often talking to and indeed consoling himself: "I am a man of griefs and fits/trying to be my friend."

About the time the poem was published as a book, Berryman's first marriage ended in divorce; and though he married again in 1956, he was divorced once more, only to marry a third time in 1961. Meanwhile, he worked on another long poem, or collection of poems, ultimately known as *Dream Songs*.

The speaker of these poems is called Henry, a name given Berryman by his second wife in a routine domestic joke. In his book on Crane, he had examined the novelist's addiction to this name and observed that it belongs, among other characters, to the main figure of a long story called "The Monster", which Berryman analysed and praised at length. Crane deals in that story with the relation between a doctor and his Negro hostler, Henry Johnson. The doctor's little boy is fond of Henry, turning to him for comfort when he is in disgrace. Henry prides himself on his good looks, stylish clothes, and effectiveness with ladies. When the doctor's house catches fire, Henry in effect rescues the little boy. But while doing so, he collapses, his face is destroyed by acid, and his mind is unhinged. Though he survives, he becomes a crazy, if harmless, monster with no face. He terrifies everyone who sees him and must live finally wearing a veil, cut off from almost all companionship, singing incoherently to himself. The doctor alone can and will look after him. In a savage irony, the doctor's faithfulness to his son's rescuer ruins his medical practice and brings down social ostracism.

Crane pays attention to the hostler's speech. Henry Johnson is fluent and elaborately polite; but he talks in the deepest Southern accent, with no regard for grammar. Outside the doctor's home he makes two speaking appearances, both scenes of courtship. In the first, the young lady is thrilled by his elegance and conversation: she keeps him for hours. In the second, when he is the escaped monster, she flees, leaving him to mumble repetitiously into the void, sentences like, "I jes' drap in ter ax you 'bout er daince".

As an undergraduate, Berryman had told a fellow student named Brooks Johnson, who hated Negroes, that he himself had "some coon blood". One assumes that Crane's story excited Berryman's fears about the division of his own life between the eloquent public figure and the inarticulate, hidden self, the fear that alcohol and skirt-craziness might turn him into a monster, the fear that his love would destroy those who hoped to rescue him. Berryman's Henry is a white man in blackface who speaks at times the dialect of Crane's monster; and the poet presents Henry with the same blend of farce and pathos that Crane uses for Henry Johnson.

But Henry is only one of the poet's masks in *Dream Songs*. The drama of Berryman's work is often taken from that of the old minstrel show. In this there were two end men, Mr Bones and Mr Tambo, who responded to questions put by the middle man or interlocutor. Just as Mr Tambo played the tambourine, so his opposite number played the bones, or flat sticks used as rhythmical clappers. It is as impulsive Mr Bones that Henry bandies questions with a shrewder self. The sound of "bone" is almost a condensation of "Berryman"; and two Shakespearian allusions probably enrich the name. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Titania, bewitched, asks Bottom, wearing the ass's head, whether he will hear music; and Bottom calls for "the tongs and the bones". In *2 Henry IV* Doll Tearsheet curses the skinny beadle who is dragging her to punishment, and calls him "Goodman death, goodman bones". Berryman knew Shakespeare too well to miss these references. But even without them it is clear that the death-loving music-maker Bones wants answers from the poet's more reflective faculty, the voice of chastened wisdom. "Come away, Mr Bones", says the middle man. Among these forces hovers the poet who sings to himself of love and despair, whose veil conceals his ugly void, and whose ugliness hides his nobility.

As the *Dream Songs* proceed, the machinery of the minstrel show often rusts in idleness. But the motifs connected with Henry dominate the work. When Berryman analysed Crane's story, he lingered on the theme of rescue; and it is obvious that he found great power in the doctrine that whoever preserves another man from ruin is likely to be destroyed for his zeal. In *Dream Songs* Henry appeals for rescue to a number of figures, male and female; but he also fears they will harm themselves if they help him. "Cling to me", he says, "and I promise you'll drown too." He yearns to succour those who need him; he feels guilty for failing allies like Delmore Schwartz. He writes a string of elegies for poets who were not preserved. He wishes he had rescued his own father, and that his father had rescued him. Above all, he disarms the reader, who must pity, love, forgive, and save this martyred poet.

Lowell published *Life Studies* while Berryman was writing the *Dream Songs*; and Lowell's habit of undercutting his own despair with a humorous, ironic commentary probably influenced his friend's work. But long before he read *Life Studies*, Berryman admired Pound's *Cantos*. He had been struck by Pound's use of masks and once described the subject of the *Cantos* as "the life of the modern poet", which is nearly the description he gave of his own subject. An older model still was *Song of Myself*. Whitman frames his cheerful egoism in disarming humour. He makes a drama out of self-observation; for he is "both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it"; and in *Calamus* he warns any followers, "I am not what you supposed. . . . The way is suspicious, the result uncertain, perhaps destructive."

There are signs that Berryman hoped to impose order on his work not only by a web of recurrent motifs and the drama of self-consciousness but also more mechanically. The number seven finds its way into the scheme. *Dream Songs* is 7,000 lines long, divided into seven books, of which I-III were published separately as *77 Dream Songs*. The number of poems in Book IV, Books V-VII, and the entire collection is also divisible by seven; and these sections are not insignificant. The middle book, IV, is a descent into hell; here the poet speaks as a buried, decaying corpse but surfaces a[...] the book. One thinks of Book [...] *Aeneid*, also marking a halfway [...] man's father's suicide is dealt [...] first poem of Book I, the penul[...] of Book III, the last poem of B[...] the penultimate poem of Book VI[...] the poet imagines himself return[...] homa, digging his father up, and [...] with an axe the "start" of his co[...]

If one looks for coherence in *Dr*[...] the metrical form may satisfy [...] best. It is derived from the form [...] had used in his "Nervous Song[...]" poem has three stanzas of six [...] The pattern they approach is [...] and last lines of the stanza [...] three beats, the others five. Rhy[...] mal. The tendency is for the thi[...] rhyme with the last and for the [...] off either in couplets, or [...] abcabc, or aabccb. But the pattern [...] freely. Often the lines are [...] or do not rhyme. When the form [...] regular, the poem is likely to be [...]

The charm of this form is that [...] lines both enclose and connect. The[...] and link the tercets and stanzas [...] poem; they also tie the poem [...] another. Sometimes the poet [...] opportunity for a dialectic of str[...] strophe, epode. Berryman has [...] a rhymester. Yet the unpredictab[...] and appearance of rhyme works; [...] an ironic bounce to bleak passag[...]

None of these elements will [...] the appeal of the best *Dream Song*[...] true that as one advances thro[...] lines, one gathers information [...] habits that make the shape or [...] the separate poems clearer. But [...] of the work is no greater tha[...] sonnet sequence. In fact, the [...] *Dream Songs* involves a return [...] Berryman's sonnets, with the [...] from the figure of the mistress [...] bility of the poet.

Here, of course, the imagined [...] are not between different perso[...] are they, as in "Nervous Song[...]" *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet*, [...] in a dramatic monologue. What [...] the frame in those poems [...] centre of *Dream Songs*: the [...] internalized. At the same time, by [...] of naming the protagonist Henry [...] and speaking of him in the thi[...] Berryman transcends his egocen[...] the poet's self but his attitudes [...] self become the theme. The [...]

[...]e speaker. This fact opens the way for [...] splendid virtue of the *Dream Songs*, their [...]y, sometimes comic, sometimes grim:

> You couldn't bear to grow old, but we grow old.
> Our differences accumulate. Our skin
> [...]ghtens or droops: it alters.
> Take courage, things are not what they have been
> [...]d they will never again. Hot hearts grow cold,
> [...]e rush to the surface falters,
>
> [...]ecretive grows the disappearing soul
> [...]arned & uncertain, young again
> [...]ut not in the same way:
> [...]eraclitus had a wise word here to say,
> [...]hich I forget.

[...]y assigning his despair to Henry and Mr [...]es, Berryman puts it outside himself; it [...]ow tame and approachable, something to [...] with and ridicule. Even when the des[...] is explicitly suicidal, one feels (wrongly, [...]) that the poet can control it and put it [...]ork:

> [...]y eyes with which I see so easily
> [...]ll become closed. My friendly heart will stop.
> [...] won't sit up.
> [...]se me, soon you won't like it——ee——
> [...]rse than a pesthouse; and my thought all gone
> [...] the vanish of the sun.
>
> [...]e vanish of the moon, which Henry loved
> [...] charming nights when Henry young was moved
> [...] delicate ladies
> [...]h ripped-off panties, mouths open to kiss.
> [...]ey say the coffin closes without a sound
> [...] lowered underground!

[...]enry, the poet can drop his civilized [...] along with the anxiety that civiliza[...] breeds. He develops an expressive style [...] of the inarticulateness that fascinated [...] and that belongs to our time; and [...]gh it he not only disarms us but shares [...]ordlessness of readers who distrust [...]nce and fluency. The inarticulateness [...]e misnamed monster talks for those [...]ee monsters taking over the world, and [...]have found no coherent language to [...]s their horror.

> A rainy Sunday morning, on vacation
> as well as Fellowship, he could not rest:
> bitterly he shook his head.
> —Mr Bones, the Lord will bring us to a nation
> where everybody only rest.—I confess
> that notion bores me dead,
>
> for there's no occupation there, save God,
> if that, and long experience of His works
> has not taught me his love.

There was nothing to keep Berryman from going on with the *Dream Songs*. Two appeared in his posthumous volume; and a thousand more might have come out in his lifetime. Henry might have grown into a public figure like Mr Dooley, airing his moods and opinions from day to day before an audience that had learnt what to expect.

In the way of general ideas and moral insights Berryman has little that is fresh to offer. Neither is he a phrase-maker, nor a magician with words. It is emblematic that a childhood disease should have weakened his hearing, because his ear for rhythm is undistinguished. For all his talent and learning, Berryman could not come near the intellectual style of Auden or the middle-aged Lowell. Once he had circulated the most sensational facts of his private life, his richest treasure was the ironic drama of Henry's diary.

So it strikes one as a hero's mistake that Berryman should have turned his back on this invention and chosen a simpler exploitation of auto-analysis for his last two books. Both these collections are carefully organized. In *Love & Fame* one moves from part to part in a visible direction. Sexual passion gives way to literary ambition, which is overtaken by spiritual darkness; and at last the poet turns to God with a set of prayers. In *Delusions, Etc.* (published posthumously), Berryman hugs his faith revived. From his new belvedere his old rationalism seems hard to tell from delusion; and he knows his faith must seem foolish to his old readers. After prayers of doubt about his right to mercy, the poet celebrates artists who suffered ordeals like his own and met difficult deaths. Imminent mortality then makes him eager to use death, to bring the remainder of his life into harmony with faith. In a further group of poems he defiantly accepts his uniqueness and perhaps the need for a death of his own. And so a closing set of prayers show him ready, disbelieving in hell and accepting death as salvation or nothing. The book amounts on some pages to a suicide note: "I've *had it*. I can't wait." Yet the final poem remains affirmative: "Aware to the dry throat of the wide hell in the world . . ./mockt in abysm by one shallow wife,/with the ponder both of priesthood & of State/heavy upon me, yea/all the black same I dance my blue head off!"

The coherence of the last books cannot replace the pleasures of the *Dream Songs*: their deliberate humour and indirection; viewpoints that never stand still, a tone that hops from aspiration to bathos. In the last poems, the strongest humour seems unintentional; it would be cruel to deal seriously with their serious argument; their inarticulateness is painfully artless. Having discovered that his sensibility could bewitch us, Berryman made the error of growing solemn about it; and the reader's attention must move back from the poet's attitude to his mind. Speaking in the first person, without Henry to screen him, Berryman challenges comparison with the most brilliant poets alive. But his thoughts, as bare thoughts, neither please nor fascinate. The last books have an intense but narrowly documentary appeal. Those who are attached to the poet will read them for the scandalous information they supply about his life, for the pathetic account of his journey homeward to religious faith, for the brave valediction of a man who chose his own way to die.

Loch Morlich

on a spit of sand, a pine on tiptoe, enough
space under the roots for a man to walk through:
they're like a rusted grab abandoned by workmen
decades ago, somehow the tree's still alive

in a wide clearing, a floor of roots to walk over,
no growth in the triangles of dry sand:
the ravel can never be unpicked, the loops all
uneven like a child's first attempt at weaving

in a fertile corner, with earth and junipers,
a giant pine on its side, almost as white as quartz:
it should be in a museum with metal rods
supporting its bones and learned estimates of its age

in the shallows, a stump (surely older still)
with two moulded roots sticking up like horns:
something has been retreating or advancing so
long and stubbornly only the gesture remains

ROBIN FULTON

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Opportunities for good Socialists

HUGH THOMAS:

Europe: The Radical Challenge

211pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.50.

"It is not that too little has been said, but too much." Hugh Thomas's perfectly justified comment on the debate over Britain's entry into the European Communities is by no means inconsistent with the judgment of the man in the street, that no one has ever told him what it will mean. The fact is that, after all the outpouring of argument on the subject for more than ten years, the expert has no more idea than the man in the street what the consequences will be. If this were ever in doubt, it would have been conclusively proved by the publication of two letters in *The Times* in October 1971, presenting diametrically opposite views and signed by equal numbers of academic economists. *Mutatis mutandis* (which means only the change of a tense), the verdict must be the same as that of the Chinese professor on the consequences of the French Revolution: it is too early to say. The choice of an optimistic or a pessimistic forecast is really only a reflection of individual temperament.

Professor Thomas is an optimist, but he is an historian rather than a political or economic expert. As he modestly puts it, he is an amateur student of every topic discussed in his book. The range of topics is immense. It covers every aspect of Britain's political, social and economic life. But just for that reason, only the amateur is really competent to examine them all. The expert in one field will be necessarily an amateur in all the others, and so less qualified than the all-round amateur, because the matter cannot be decided from one point of view alone. The case of the equally divided economists shows this to be so. Nevertheless it would be folly for the amateur to step in where experts fear to tread unless he had a definite and comprehensive view of the problem, however inexpert in particular fields. This Professor Thomas has: he is a Social Democrat who shares the view of the Continental Socialists, like Willy Brandt and Sicco Mansholt, that Harold Wilson has made a grave error in refusing, even temporarily, to take any part in making the enlarged Communities work.

This is a useful theme for a general survey of the prospects of Britain in Europe, because it emphasizes that what the debate is really about is opportunities, not pre-cast concrete certainties. There are opportunities for social democracy in every department of the Communities, which will be lost unless they are exploited. Professor Thomas examines these prospects under the three obvious headings: political, social and economic. But he recognizes that the three are so closely interlocked that many of his chapters could be transferred to another heading. This accounts for the otherwise surprising fact that he has only two chapters in the social section, as against nine classified as political and fourteen as economic. For example, chapters on the multinational company, the regions, monopolies, transport, energy, and taxation, though all classified as economic, have just as much social content as those on social security and labour relations; and the heading "political" could be written over every chapter in the book.

With twenty-five chapters in a book of only 200 pages, it is evident that every chapter must be brief and to the point. So they are. The subject is one on which the ten years' debate has abundantly shown that every sensible statement will be inconclusive, and vice versa. Professor Thomas's statements are succinct as well as sensible. His summary of the three contexts of the argument could hardly be bettered. Politically, he concludes, Britain is confronted by a multinational union whose character can be influenced from within and whose influence cannot be evaded by staying outside. Economically, Britain is in danger of being left as the only country trying to be a major industrial power with an internal market of less than 100 million. And the social argument "suggests that in respect of access to social services, changing attitudes to colour and to female workers, trade union relationships, the ordinary citizen has more to gain from the European Community than he (or she) has to lose". Only in the last argument is it possible to detect less than full-hearted consent.

Professor Thomas rightly singles out certain aspects for more expansive treatment on the grounds of their special importance. One is the external relations of the Community. It has been legitimately argued that if the nation-state is to be superseded as an outdated and even dangerous form of sovereignty, it will not necessarily be improved by substituting supranational boundaries for national ones. May not wars between nations simply be replaced by wars between super-powers? Will not the nations of the third world simply become clients of a new order of sovereignty? And are we not in danger of surrendering our own mature sovereignty into more irresponsible and unaccountable hands? These are all grounds on which Britain's entry into the European Communities was opposed, principally but not exclusively from the left. Professor Thomas, looking at the matter from a similar point of view, is inclined to more encouraging conclusions.

He gives prominence to the issue of defence, like the Government's White Paper on the EEC in 1971, which unexpectedly put defence in its opening section. It was unexpected because there is not a word about defence in the Treaty of Rome, except indirectly in the preamble. But, as Professor Thomas realistically points out, it is impossible to discuss foreign policy without discussing defence; and it is impossible for the European Communities not to have a foreign policy. He takes it for granted that Europe must have an integrated defence force, leaving open only the question whether nuclear weapons should be under integrated control. Given the traditional conviction of the French, inherited from de Gaulle, that "il n'y a de force nucléaire que nationale", the question is likely to remain open for a long time.

But this, too, is one of the many uncertainties which Britain can influence only from inside Europe, not from outside. In the meantime, Professor Thomas sensibly concludes that Europe must have a conventional defence system based on "central power, rationalization, a common policy of arms procurement and an effective alliance structure", not in order to threaten the Soviet Union but in simple recognition of the fact that "the tradition of Russian foreign policy, under the Tsars as under the Communists, has been to absorb or dominate weaker territories which are attached to it by land". These truths have long been accepted by European Social Democrats, many of whose countries have bitter experience behind them. But Professor Thomas is writing for the British Labour Party, which has no such experience.

Although defence was hardly mentioned in the British debate on Europe, another aspect of overseas policy dominated it to an extraordinary degree. That was the future of the Commonwealth, which meant different things to the two branches of anti-European sentiment. To the left it meant the fate of the "third world" as represented by the new countries of the Commonwealth. To the right, it meant the "kith and kin" of Australia, New Zealand and Canada—and even, paradoxically, of Rhodesia and South … branches of the oppo… arguing that Britain's c… tween the Common… Common Market, and th… ernment was choosing … fessor Thomas efficie… of both branches of t… The fact is that eve… wealth country in the … has to find trading ou… it can. Britain is no lo… or even the major mark… them; and this fact of e… long antedates the EEC … monwealth countries … ing on the wall long b… and began diversifying … and whittling away … wealth preferences s… Second World War. … want to trade with t… Community. The … then, is whether a more … pattern of trade will … tain is inside or outsi…

Clearly if Britain a… countries of the Com… find their natural pa… with Europe through … the Commonwealth w… drawn closer together … Britain is outside, t… wealth countries will … develop their contacts … by-passing Britain an… individually on their … deed had already begun … the decade between … veto on British entry … final entry in 1972 … come of that developm… been the eventual … the Commonwealth … after another was … European orbit and … out in anything but … tion. The choice be… never, in fact, between … wealth and the EEC; … having both and havi…

These arguments, a… are briefly expounded … Thomas in simple an… The most important … book is the frankness … addresses himself t… cluding the undeni… (such as the comm… policy, and the dimi… eignty). Although … primarily directed … Labour Party, it is … ially angled towards … line of any argument … ted at any doubter … that the Labour Party … adopt that role as … If the debate is ess… portunities, as Pro… shows that it is, the … Party is in danger of … same mistake which … ish governments had … 1950. They will join … it is too late to help … the rules; and they will … obey rules which … drawn up without the… the more regrettable … Professor Thomas … Socialists have … more internationalist … the Conservatives.

Left undone

DAVID McKIE and CHRIS COOK (Editors):

The Decade of Disillusion

250pp. Macmillan. £3.95.

At first sight the title will mean different things to different generations—a chastening thought. To old men who followed Kitchener's pointing finger into the trenches of Flanders it is likely to be the perfect title for a study of the 1920s, when Britain was not the promised land for heroes to come home to. For the sons and daughters of the Old Contemptibles it may call up bleak memories of the 1930s, easily the most hopeless and doomed decade of the century. Perhaps here and there the candidate will be the 1940s, when all the high hopes of victory drained away in a prospect of national economic decline and the rationing of almost everything from meat and bread to individual liberty.

But this is a youngish man's book. Of the eleven contributors the oldest is now forty years old and the youngest twenty-six, and because they are writing of their personal agony their decade of disillusion is the 1960s. They all take up a position left of centre in politics, and the journalists among them usually served with the *Guardian*. Their illusions were shattered mainly by Harold Wilson, who had been their great white hope.

In an important sense, then, this is at once a clever and a rather naive study of the period. They expected too much, and they cannot easily forgive the Prime Minister and the Labour politicians [illegible] their dream. And one of the oddities of editorship is that the ten essays on "the issues" of the 1960s do not include a thorough-going study of the irresoluble dilemma: how to support a growing welfare state in a growthless economy, or how to maintain full employment without giving the trade unions monopoly power to frustrate the restoration of economic strength. One essay deals with the revival of the Liberal Party and the Scottish and Welsh nationalist parties at one point in the decade, and another deals with protest politics outside the system, but the treatment of industrial relations and the trade unions is no more than incidentally developed.

Conservative authors of the same generation, in fact, would have chosen different themes for an anthology of 1960s disillusion. But what is offered here is good within its limitations. It would be difficult to write a better short history of the decade than that of John Barnes, with which the anthology opens, although he is not always fair to Mr Wilson. And in the space allowed him, Peter Sinclair brings notable penetration to the chapter, "The economy—a study in failure".

It would be agreeable to think that in ten years' time, when they have a longer perspective and fewer dreams, the authors will address themselves with equal acuteness and literary ability to a decade that has given them less cause for gloom and self-pity.

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BELL

Letting others be

…IS MURDOCH:

…e Black Prince

…pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.50.

…e title refers, of course, not to …ward III's warrior son but to …mlet, whom Iris Murdoch's nar…tor at one euphoric moment des…bes as "the tormented empty …ful consciousness of man seared … the bright light of art, the god's …yed victim dancing the dance of …ation". And it may as well be …d at once that the reviewer con…ers *The Black Prince* to be Miss …rdoch's *Hamlet*—a novel in which …e comes to grips with the crucial …stions that have preoccupied her …r since *Under the Net*, and in …ich, more passionately, densely …d eloquently than in any previous …ok, she restates her philosophical …ition, in the form of a question: …n there be a *natural*, as it were …kespearean felicity in the moral …?"

…s long ago as 1960, in an article … the *Yale Review*, Miss Murdoch …ered various definitions of the …st's role, of the complex tensions …olved in his duty to form ("the …ptation of love and its peril, …ther in art or life: to round off …tuation, sum up a character . . . …has *got* to have form, whereas life … not") and his moral obligation …nclude "reality with all its odd …ingent ways". She said then that …artist is "indeed the analogon of …good man . . . the lover who, noth… himself, lets others be through …" And in her latest novel she … both symbolically (by constantly …nding us of *Hamlet*) and drama…lly (by means of a Hamlet-artist …rator), crystallized these monu…tal statements into a remarkable …onal shape.

…adley Pearson, we learn from the …e of an "Editor's" foreword, …been persuaded to write the story …s unhappy love. Art has been …doom; his aim has been to obey …dictates of truth, however pathe…ly (as he later says) this may …l a lack of the dignity contin… on a "character" in a work of … He is, at the start of the story, …ty-eight-year-old retired tax in…tor living a cosy bachelor life …Charlotte Street, planning to dis…ar to rural seclusion and write …Great Book. One of Miss Mur…'s spendid skills is to plunge at … into tantalizing situations. …ley's doorbell rings to announce …atastrophic news, brought by her …bling parasitic brother Francis, that Christian, the ex-wife he had put out of mind, has returned from America a rich, and clearly predatory, widow.

The telephone simultaneously summons him to the bedside of Rachel, wife of his old friend Arnold Baffin, and Francis (who plays throughout the familiar Murdochian role of unlovable confidant, intruder catalyst, Sancho Panza *sensuel*) shares Bradley's discovery that Arnold, famous best-selling novelist and ideal husband, has just beaten up a desperate and vindictive wife. It is in this distressed and disorientated state that Bradley, in a characteristically Murdoch scene, encounters Arnold and Rachel's only daughter Julian, at first taking her for a boy as she symbolically scatters shredded love-letters to the Bloomsbury traffic; he agrees to coach her on *Hamlet*.

It will not have taken the habitual reader long to predict what follows this traumatic day's events. Rachel seduces Bradley, Arnold falls in love with the dashing Christian, Francis panders and suggests that Bradley has always been in love with Arnold. And, of course, Bradley falls in love with twenty-year-old Julian. It has happened before, and not only in many of Miss Murdoch's novels, that an elderly man succumbs as though bewitched to a young *ingénue*. But for Bradley this love is, we are to accept, the artist's fate; Julian the unattainable is not a muse (though he can at last verbalize his convictions about art, truth, Shakespeare); she is not, although she has been a schoolgirl Hamlet and provokes him to rape when she dons black velvet complete with skull, the incarnation of his literary lodestar; she *is*, he comes too late to realize, the book he knows he must write, the book is "her deification".

Not, of course, that his recollection in tranquillity happens during the hectic events of the novel. Bradley observes, in one of the elliptical philosophical passages which here flow naturally from the action, that human wickedness is usually "the product of a semi-deliberate inattention, a sort of swooning relationship to time". And he compares this to the artist's knowledge of "the space between the stage where the work is too unformed to have committed itself and the stage where it is too late to improve it . . .". At such a moment of "swooning", Bradley allows Rachel to think he is hers; tells his love to Julian; refuses his drugged and despairing sister's plea for attention; hides his knowledge of her suicide from Julian; and finally falls into the trap that jealous murder has set, thus losing his freedom and his love forever.

Yet, in spite of melodramatic tragedy blacker than Miss Murdoch has previously allowed, we are surely intended to focus not on the causality of Bradley's tale of love and death but on its justification as a statement about virtue (which of course Miss Murdoch sees as no less a concern of art than of living). For instance, is Bradley the self-deluding egoist of the "postscripts" by the other protagonists? Is he another Accidental Man, propelled (as he himself believes at times) by the "insubstantial shadow" of some "black Eros" who predestines love and plunges him into knowledge and doom? Or is he, alone and justified only by his own words, the artist whose every act is an agonized inching towards truth?

It is unlikely that Miss Murdoch's answers are intended to be more than tentative—that has always been one fascination of her novels. *The Black Prince* is grimmer and more bookish than most but it is also full of the very comic stuff, what Bradley calls "the foul contingency", of life, all that irony he tries ineffectively to exclude. He is, for instance, obliged at one moment to lend the dirty socks, stuffed in his pocket after an undignified exit from Rachel's bed, to her barefoot daughter in the boutique from which he wants to buy her a pair of purple boots. Being a puritan, and easily disgusted, he is constantly confronted with middle-aged, pudgy, pink and pear-shaped ladies needing affection; he is nearly sick in the Royal Opera House; he is embarrassed by his (phallic) pleasure in the Post Office Tower. He—or his creator—has some excellent jokes at the expense of reviewers castigating the too-prolific novelist.

Not all the devices quite come off, and the Chinese boxes of truth within the "truth" of Bradley's apologia do not seem necessary. You cannot disarm *criticism* by letting characters say they don't find other characters (such as Julian or Arnold) very convincing. Miss Murdoch herself has disclaimed the conscious intention of being "a philosophical novelist" and highly values the naturalistic preoccupation with "various individuals"; yet she must surely now recognize that what gives her work its own individuality—here in its most thematic form—is her courage in tangling us all, and her various individuals, with the philosopher's cerebrations. This time, the cerebrations are given both voice and shape in her narrator, who, as he says of Shakespeare writing *Hamlet*, "makes the crisis of his own identity into the very central stuff of his art".

…ynthesis with slaves

…ILY GROSSMAN:

…ver Flowing

…slated by Thomas P. Whitney.

…p. André Deutsch. £2.25.

…i Semyonovich Grossman was …mportant Russian writer, little …n in the West, who was born in …, established himself as a …ist before he was thirty, and …me famous during the Second …d War for some impressive …s of reportage and for a novel, …*People is Immortal*, which rose …e the prevailing level of social …lism. Despite his considerable …ibutions to Soviet literature, …ver, he got into trouble towards …nd of Stalin's life, when his old …*If One Believes the Pythago…* …and his new novel *For the Just* … were suppressed. After …'s death he spent several years …ng a bitterly subversive book …, *Everything Flows*, which …n't possibly be published in … and was smuggled abroad … his death in 1964. It was pub…d in Germany in 1970, and now …ars here in a very stiff Ameri… translation.

…e new title, *Forever Flowing*, is …y misleading. Grossman was of …e quoting one of the old Herac… … which is repeated in the … together with a grim parody of … instead of "You cannot step into the same river twice", he says "You cannot get into the same prison-train twice." The whole book, in fact, is permeated with the metaphysical ideas attributed to Heraclitus more than 2,000 years ago; and, while this destroys its literary quality, it gives it a special historical and philosophical interest.

Everything Flows is not really a novel—or rather, it begins as a novel, describing one of the "Returners" (*vozvrashchentsy*), a man who has come back from the labour camps after thirty years and finds that everything has flowed, everyone has changed, and the revolutionary enthusiasm of the old days has turned into sour disillusion and narrow careerism; but it soon breaks down into a series of semi-fictional stories about various aspects of the Stalinist dictatorship which are never properly drawn together but are linked and eventually overshadowed by a long meditation on the meaning and purpose of the phenomenon of Stalinism.

Grossman is remarkable among Soviet writers for seeing this not as some kind of error in development or interruption of progress but as an essential culmination of the whole course of Russian history. He sees Stalin as the true successor of Lenin, and Lenin as the destroyer of the liberty which had become possible for the first time in 1917. Lenin is indicted for creating a synthesis of "socialism and unfreedom" which derives from the Tsarist tradition of progress plus serfdom, embodied above all by Peter the Great. This is a familiar theme in the West, but in Russia it is rank heresy, and it would be interesting to know in what circumstances Grossman came to such a conclusion.

Some of the stories have considerable power, especially those about Masha, the wife of an arrested man who is arrested in turn and suffers and dies in the camps, and about Anna, the Party activist who witnesses the Ukrainian famine at the beginning of the 1930s during the compulsory collectivization of the land. But the main story, about Ivan, the hero whose life has been ruined by the regime, is weak, and the whole book leaves an impression of artistic confusion mixed with intellectual conviction of a disturbing kind.

Everything flows, and yet remains the same; tyrannies rise and fall, but tyranny lasts for ever. Grossman hints that liberty will come in the end, but it is hard to see how this fits into his scheme, and the terrible vision of Russia enduring perpetual slavery is the most striking feature of the book. It is a pity that, in spite of the time he spent on it, Grossman didn't manage to make it as good as it deserved to be.

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The roots of a revolution

EDMUND WILSON:

To the Finland Station
A study in the Writing and Acting of History

590pp. £5.95.

A Window on Russia

280pp. £3.50.

Macmillan.

The late Edmund Wilson had already won a distinguished reputation as a literary critic when his agile mind turned in two new directions: to the study of the Russian language and of revolutionary socialism. These were parallel lines of study because in the nineteenth century, and particularly in Russia, there were close connexions between literary and intellectual developments on the one hand and socialism and communism on the other. Though parallel, the lines converged, as an eminent Russian mathematician proved that parallels could, and they met eventually in St Petersburg. The titles of these books—one a re-issue of a well-known classic—neatly illustrate the convergence. *A Window on Russia* echoes the phrase which Peter the Great coined to convey his intention in founding St Petersburg as "a window on the West". The title of *To the Finland Station* recalls the return of Lenin to St Petersburg in April, 1917, to convert the bourgeois revolution into a dictatorship of the proletariat.

The earlier of the two works is familiar, and is reprinted with little alteration except the addition of a preface in which Wilson concedes the justice of one or two earlier criticisms. He admits that he understated the vigorous persistence of the socialist tradition in France, and that he presented too amiable a picture of Lenin. It must also be admitted that the passage of time has outdated his story at *some points*. Trotsky, for example, is depicted as still alive, and the Nazis as not merely alive but kicking. There is also a certain lack of perspective in a book written before the full monstrosity of Stalinism was revealed, for communist theoreticians are certainly right in regarding Stalinism as a logical development of Leninism and not a deviation from it. When Wilson wrote admiringly in 1939-40 of the fine qualities of the early Bolsheviks, he seemed almost deliberately to ignore what they did to each other in the decades after his story ended at the Finland Station in 1917.

Like the good Western liberal that he was, Wilson could scarcely comprehend the strain of calculated brutality which the Bolsheviks revealed when they had secured absolute power. He saw them in their early days as persecuted idealists, made more attractive by their discipline, their intelligence, and their devotion to a cause. Two things distinguish his history of the revolutionary movement, which reached its climax in 1917, from both his predecessors and his successors. One is his penetration of the intellectual roots of the movement, which he traces back to Vico and Michelet, proceeding by way of the French anti-clericals and socialists to Marx and Engels. The other is the personal character which he gives to the story by examining the biographies of his subjects as closely as their ideologies. His attention to the influence of personality on the development of the revolutionary movement made Wilson one of the first to elucidate the extraordinary love-hate relationship between the early communists and institutionalized religion.

Both Judaism and Christianity played a powerful role even in the lives of those who were trying hardest to escape from them. Marx was the descendant of generations of rabbis; Lassalle was devoted to the synagogue as a boy; Engels's youth was dominated by Calvinist evangelism. Though all of them renounced religion, other revolutionaries tried to harness it to the cause. Babeuf invoked the Christian code at his trial for his life, Saint-Simon sought to restore Christianity, Weitling was the first to claim that Christ was a communist, and Enfantin even identified himself with Christ. Those who repudiated religion most absolutely nevertheless saw themselves as fulfilling God's purpose. Both Fourier in theory and Owen in practice sought to play the role of a benevolent and omnipotent God. Marx reminded Wilson of a biblical patriarch expounding the will of God, and Engels "was to find his lost God again in the Absolute Idea of Hegel". Even the three terms of the dialectic recall the three elements of the Trinity. Wilson concludes that it is impossible to understand much of the communists' theoretical writings "unless one substitutes for the words *history* and the *dialectic of history* the words *Providence* and *God*".

It is an individual view of the history of Marxism, which is natural for a Western intellectual and accounts for the inclusion in his story of such non-revolutionary but anti-clerical writers as Renan, Taine and Anatole France. Marxists would equally naturally repudiate it, but they would have their work cut out to explain such phenomena as the conversion to Christianity of the daughter of the ex-seminarist, Joseph Stalin, which occurred a quarter of a century after Wilson wrote *To the Finland Station*. Svetlana Alliluyeva is one of the stars of the other volume, a collection of occasional pieces on Russian literature; Solzhenitsyn, the loyal *Komsomol* and hero of the Great Patriotic War, who also turned Christian, is another. The strength of Wilson's study of these and other deviants from the Russian norm, whether under the Tsars or the communists, is that he is able to relate their political and literary significance both to each other and to the deep currents of the social and intellectual history of Russia. His talent for this aspect of criticism is such that it is all the more disappointing to find scarcely a word about Dostoevsky, except incidentally, in either of these volumes.

Although Wilson came late to the study of Russian—a fact which somewhat weakened his attack on Nabokov's translation of Push[illegible] *Onegin*—his experience [illegible] equipped him exceptional[illegible] interpret the Russian clas[illegible] lish and American reade[illegible] his reviews of other peop[illegible] on the great masters serv[illegible] able introductions to the [illegible] their own right. Pushkin, [illegible] Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Che[illegible] all here. So are less wi[illegible] figures such as Tyutchev [illegible] hovo-Kobylin, the latter [illegible] known as the central figure in [illegible] sational murder trial tha[illegible] dramatist. Always at his [illegible] ful in offering illuminating [illegible] sons, Wilson introduces the[illegible] tern readers as a kind of [illegible] Housman (Tyutchev) and [illegible] son (Sukhovo-Kobylin). But [illegible] delicate translations, in the[illegible] at least, go farther in temp[illegible] Western reader to approa[illegible] in the original language. [illegible] lation can do more than to [illegible] to the argument that the [illegible] acquiring sufficient Russian [illegible] nigh insuperable, Wilson [illegible] titled to reply that that is [illegible] what he himself did when [illegible] past his fortieth year.

A prince obsessed

NORODOM SIHANOUK with WILFRED BURCHETT:

My War with the CIA
Cambodia's Fight for Survival

272pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £1.60. Penguin. Paperback, 50p.

When Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia was overthrown by a coup d'état three years ago his country was at peace and very largely under the control of its government. This had been achieved by a degree of compromise with the Communist side in the Vietnamese War, a compromise eventually intolerable to the United States and South Vietnam, who used the new circumstances in Cambodia to invade and clear suspected Communist base areas and sanctuaries and to cut Communist lines of supply.

Whether or not this was a decisive step on the way to a ceasefire in Vietnam, as is claimed, Cambodia itself became another theatre of the war and has suffered atrociously in consequence. Its government does not govern, for the countryside is largely in the hands of the Communists—North Vietnamese, Sihanouk's Cambodian partisans, South Vietnamese, or whatever. Corruption is no less. Even with peace in Vietnam, a solution in Cambodia seems hardly possible except by compromise with the Prince in Peking. There is thus a sense in which Sihanouk's fight for survival is also that of Cambodia.

Whether there was any war against Sihanouk by the American Central Intelligence Agency is not proved by this short, self-justifying account of his political life, though the evidence is widely accepted. The book's exuberance seems less immoderate than that of the Prince's views of Indochina as given to Jean Lacouture (*L'Indochine, vue de Pékin*, reviewed in the *TLS* on February 11, 1972)—or is it merely that propaganda sounds more propagandist in French? Had there been less turmoil in Cambodia's relations with Thailand and South Vietnam, turmoil which Sihanouk did little to remove, plots against him would have been less easy to concoct; nor, given what he now admits about his assistance to the Communist side in Vietnam, can he claim that the Americans had no reason to concoct them. For the Vietminh and Vietcong, he says, "the main thing was my unswerving political, diplomatic and material support"; "For years we had officially winked at their presence"; "It was Lon Nol himself who signed many of the agreements with the NLF (Vietcong)". So there were written agreements, too, at a time when any connexion or connivance was officially and repeatedly denied, and when the "neutrality" of Cambodia was vaunted and proclaimed by Sihanouk's ambassadors abroad. The exiled prince is engagingly frank, as he is elsewhere in admitting the large Vietnamese component in his freedom forces—Cambodian Vietnamese, but how does one tell?

Other points of interest emerge from the diatribe. Sihanouk received news of his overthrow in Moscow, where he had asked for and [illegible] mised military aid to [illegible] armed forces which had [illegible] equipment and weapons [illegible] he had terminated Ameri[illegible] tary aid in 1963. Russia [illegible] the promise—but to Ge[illegible] Nol, who had ousted Siha[illegible] thereby gained significa[illegible] strength in the new Camb[illegible] this and because it has [illegible] cognize his government [illegible] sia receives its share of [illegible] nouk's indignation is [illegible] able. Chinese support [illegible] likely to restore him [illegible] leadership of a Russian [illegible]

Sihanouk's hatred of the [illegible] cans is horrible to behold[illegible] trivial anecdote in whi[illegible] claim to have scored [illegible] appears at tedious length [illegible] sitivity, his eagerness to be [illegible] and to triumph over the [illegible] however innocent, is bey[illegible] sure. It is this that [illegible] doubt on the detail he gives [illegible] plots against him, the [illegible] which, including that of [illegible] overthrow, are, however, [illegible] enough known. Of course [illegible] tried to overthrow him; [illegible] read his boastful, bitter [illegible] ranting book will wo[illegible] But the whole truth is [illegible] This god-king, turned [illegible] turned demagogue, turned [illegible] ance fighter, always pre[illegible] sided over the life of his [illegible] for twenty-eight diffi[illegible] peaceful years. Only [illegible] followed his departure. In [illegible] bodian dimension he has [illegible] still.

Fifty years of the CCP

JACQUES GUILLERMAZ:

Le parti communiste chinois au pouvoir

549pp. Paris: Payot. 56fr.

A History of the Chinese Communist Party 1921-1949

Translated by Anne Destenay.

477pp plus 43 plates. Methuen. £5.95.

The historian of the Chinese Communist Party's decades of power since 1949 has a difficult job. Before the Cultural Revolution very little information was released about how policies were made, who took what position in any controversy, and what the actual results of policies were. From 1966 to 1969 rather more was revealed, generally for the sake of discrediting opponents; but even this new material was sparse, patchy, and so heavily loaded that it is hard to know how much credence it deserves.

It is in addition unsystematically scattered around official and unofficial publications. Despite the problems the job still has to be done as best it can. An historical view of China's recent policies is essential to any understanding of future developments. The interpretation and rewriting of China's modern history are an almost obsessive concern of that country's rulers; perhaps that is one of the reasons why they are so cautious about what people may be allowed to know of it.

Given the material with which Jacques Guillermaz has had to work and the kind of book he has chosen to write—essentially an institutional narrative summarizing various aspects of domestic and international policy—*Le parti communiste chinois au pouvoir* is a creditable and generally reliable work of reference. M Guillermaz is clearly more comfortable in writing about the CCP in power than he was in his earlier volume, which has been published in a good English translation as *A History of the Chinese Communist Party, 1921-1949*. His study of the CCP as a party of government is not a study of underlying trends or an attempt to find meaning; it is not stimulating. It is solid and useful, the sort of book that anyone interested in [illegible] China will find convenient [illegible] sult for encapsulated [illegible] wisdom on many [illegible] sented with a sardonic dry[illegible]

M Guillermaz is cool [illegible] revolutionary fervour, which [illegible] understandable, and tends [illegible] off ideological questions [illegible] sible, a serious shortcoming [illegible] ing with a country where [illegible] counts for so much. By co[illegible] country-by-country précis of [illegible] foreign relations in each of [illegible] periods into which the [illegible] years are divided is evi[illegible] rived from thorough docu[illegible] As a history of a political [illegible] forcing a huge country to [illegible] itself the book lacks [illegible] great dramas, the cruelty, [illegible] and suffering, the heroism [illegible] hypocrisy, are not [illegible] these pages; there [illegible] neither is there [illegible] attempt to assess the direc[illegible] extent of change over the [illegible] But even if unsatisfactory [illegible] tory, this is nevertheless [illegible] mendable guide through [illegible] the labyrinths of Chinese [illegible] nist policy.

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The national style of d'Annunzio

PHILIPPE JULLIAN:

D'Annunzio

Translated by Stephen Hardman

366pp plus 43 plates. Pall Mall. £3.85.

No one has ever had any difficulty in recognizing d'Annunzio's uniquely Italian quality, and it is [illegible] given due weight in a translation [illegible] Philippe Jullian's biography (first [illegible]lished in France in 1971). [illegible]nnunzio himself proclaimed it [illegible]dently. Even if he had not done [illegible] it erupted from his writing and [illegible]king, for he loved and plundered [illegible] native language as he did his [illegible]tresses. The often vulgar plea[illegible] with which he explored its [illegible]ts was the most triumphant ex[illegible]sion of his Italianate essence; [illegible]ses a vocabulary almost Shake[illegible]rean in its richness. Though it [illegible] only a subsidiary theme, this [illegible]uistic creativity is by and large [illegible] handled by M Jullian, though [illegible] a pity that almost the only [illegible]mple of d'Annunzio's happy [illegible]ness has been watered down [illegible] translating *coglione* as "fat[illegible]".

[illegible]Annunzio's deification of lan[illegible]e expresses an Italian cultural [illegible] but was not the only way in [illegible] he embodied a national style. [illegible] himself flaunted many charac[illegible]ically Italian day-dreams. Cen[illegible]us Anglo-Saxons find it easiest [illegible]cognize the discreditable ones, [illegible]ourse, and they are obvious [illegible]gh. There was the conscious, [illegible] canine, sexuality, the exuber[illegible] bad taste which kept him afloat [illegible] the high seas of vulgarity when [illegible] would have been sunk [illegible]gh his literary judgment was [illegible] better than his visual sense), [illegible]elf-delusion of the sermons on [illegible]ice and austerity from pam[illegible] seclusion, or the operatic [illegible]lling of retinues of admirers [illegible]ycophants to set the scene for [illegible]master. What has been less [illegible]ely recognized is a physical [illegible] whose setting is too indivi[illegible] and dramatic for Northern [illegible], but which is also authen[illegible] Italian.

[illegible]lysis by foreigners usually [illegible] at an assertion of d'Annunzio's [illegible]ly Italian quality. The first [illegible] of M Jullian's account is that [illegible] more. Though meant for a [illegible] audience, it goes beyond [illegible] Though the Italian inheritance [illegible]tting is essential, it is not the [illegible]eterminant. M Jullian takes us [illegible] the Italian to the European [illegible]nzio. There is plenty of evidence—musical, especially—of the formation of his dispositions by European trends, and the "exile" at Arcachon was turned into a public event. But as Mario Praz revealed years ago, the setting which has to be resurrected for the full understanding of d'Annunzio is the world of the Decadence, always an awkward subject on this side of the Channel. M Jullian has the great advantage here of having written already about the Symbolist painters. It is the *fin-de-siècle* of which they are a part that provides the true background to d'Annunzio, not the Italy of Carducci through which the young man from the Abruzzi broke almost instinctively in search of something else, something more chic.

This world is amusingly explored by M Jullian with much personal detail and many well-chosen quotations in a fairly loose narrative, with pauses for the scrutiny of important episodes. As a method, this is less successful in dealing with politics, when a closer attention is required, but it is successful in re-creating the personal and the social context of the d'Annunzian phenomenon. It is a terribly self-conscious and serious context, and rarely touched by anything that rises above the second-rate.

The master himself, whatever other human or even natural qualities he possessed, shows not a trace of humour. (In this the parallel with Dali, touched on by M Jullian, does not hold: it is difficult to believe that M Dali does really take himself so seriously, whatever he wants others to do.) As might be expected, the result can be richly comic. There are many good stories in this book. The reports of the encounters in which d'Annunzio deployed his techniques of seduction are often irresistibly funny. Indeed, one of the major achievements of the book is to make his sexual exploits credible; they come down from the level of legend to make a grisly sort of sense in the context of his own self-absorption and the fashionable sexuality of his day. Few of his women seemed to have deserved at his hands anything much better than they got, and we need not be censorious if Don Giovanni smirks a little as his valet reads over the tale of conquest. One does not have to like him, though. Certainly this book should be required reading in the demonology of Women's Liberation.

D'Annunzio's increasingly exhausting sexual antics before 1914 cloaked a central failure which is the key to any complete assessment of his stature. M Jullian cleverly pins it down in his passages on the *Martyre de St Sébastien*; "the French *Parsifal*" was what d'Annunzio had intended it to be, and it was not. It was fifteen years too late for public taste. Looking backwards and forwards from this, it can be seen that d'Annunzio, *enfant terrible* though he might once have been, had for only a little while even been up to date. He was never of the avant-garde. He remained stuck somewhere in the 1890s, and no doubt that is why Montesquiou was excited by his coming to Paris.

M Jullian makes too much of his modernity in worshipping sun and speed: for all the opportunities for individual valour offered by the aeroplane and motor torpedo boat in an age of mass warfare, it was the Futurists who grasped the aesthetic of the machine as d'Annunzio never could. Kipling was a better poet of machinery, too. It was the same with his politics. To strap a pistol-holster on to a statue of St Francis and call him the first Fascist is not even paradoxical. Of political forces which went beyond the ranks of the *arditi* d'Annunzio showed no comprehension (though here, perhaps, he was not only out of date but uninterested).

In any case, it is his aesthetic incongruity that now *seems most striking*. He lived until 1938, but the names of Stravinsky, Braque, Kafka, and Mann do not need to appear in this book, for they are irrelevant to d'Annunzio's world. He saw himself as a focus of European art: but what Cézanne was doing never, it seems, crossed his mind.

His great artistic achievement was a personality, his own. This luxurious artifact was his *tour de force*, and now all that is left to command respect is its monstrosity, vitality and a certain seriousness (for d'Annunzio was a great worker). His taste was often bad and his procedures abominable, but there is still discernible even at the end a dedication to an ideal of the artist as seer, formed some way back in his young days, which perhaps explains why he could win devotion. At its best, he could do so for a cause bigger than himself—for Art, or for Italy. The posturings of the boudoir have to be seen in proportion, then; there is also the astonishing power of the 1915 speeches to consider, or the devotion of *his soldiers*. In the war he found himself briefly in a bigger role than that of the artist; as M Jullian says, he sought death with impatience, and that is an inspiriting moment.

Afterwards it was all to go wrong again, but the roots of failure had been laid bare to view long before. Gradually the procession of decadent grotesques died away and the aged Priapus lived on, more and more aware of his own humiliation, patronized by Mussolini whom he had once thought he would control. But he remained lucky. The old superstitiousness of the Abruzzi stayed with him and he dabbled in necromancy and spiritualism. In his *Barbanera* (a sort of Old Moore's Almanac) he noted with alarm the entry for 1938: "1 March, death of a famous man." He felt dizzy as he got ready to go down to dinner that evening, asked for an injection and died a minute later. It was time; by then he had been a relic for far too long.

M Jullian's biography is an amusing distillation of his most fascinating achievement, the living of a certain kind of life. By a happy chance or intention its power to fix the attention is evoked in the subtitle which appears on the dust-jacket and, surprisingly, *not on the title-page*: "Adventurer — Poet — Lover of Genius". Only the second term is unambiguous.

MICHAEL A. GUHIN

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The old asylums

KATHLEEN JONES:

A History of the Mental Health Services

414pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.

For the Greeks madness was a cause of fear based on a primitive mysticism and demoniac theories; in the Talmud it was held that the insane had no sensation and no judgment. With this background it is not, perhaps, surprising that unfortunate people suffering from what we now know as mental illness were treated as objects to whom even the barest decencies of civilized behaviour need not be applied. Kathleen Jones has produced a detailed and well-documented account of the care and treatment, if these words can properly be used, of mentally afflicted persons in this country from 1744 until the present day.

The tale is horrifying: during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries these people were housed in asylums, usually in damp, dark cells or cellars. They were overcrowded, and the patients were manacled, unwashed, half starved and covered with dried excrement. Conditions in the many private asylums were even worse, and it is certain that many sane persons were incarcerated in them to satisfy some family quarrel or grudge or even to ensure a speedy death of a wealthy testator.

In a few places more humane conditions were found: in Bristol, at St Peter's Workhouse, pauper lunatics were treated in a separate class from its beginnings in 1696, and some form of curative treatment was given to them. Referring to regulations in force at Bristol in 1768, Professor Jones says:

> The policy of the authorities at Bristol stands out in complete contrast to that of almost every other Poor Law Authority. They established three principles which laid the foundation for the later development of county asylums: the care of the insane should be the responsibility of the parish or township in which they lived; they should be treated as a separate class, their living conditions being adapted to their special needs; and they should receive treatment not punishment.

The first official mention of "curing" these afflicted persons appeared in the Act of 1744 to control vagrants, but no mention was made of how or where this treatment was to be carried out. No medical advice was needed to commit people to an asylum, but two magistrates, instead of the usual one, were needed to give assent to a warrant of detention.

Madness began to be respectable with the illness of George III in 1788, but no real step forward in the care of the mentally deranged was taken until Samuel Tuke, a Quaker, opened the Retreat, at York, as a small mental hospital for members of the Society of Friends. Here patients were for the first time treated with Christian principles and common sense, and the results were excellent. It is interesting to note that at about the same time Philippe Pinel began to work along similar lines, and with similar success, in France. But the lesson took long to learn: In 1813 the public asylum at York, of all places, was providentially destroyed by fire just before an investigation was about to be opened into allegations of abuses of a formidable kind in the handling of its patients, including the unexplained death of a number of them.

Inspection of asylums had been allowed to the Royal College of Physicians in 1774, but this body had proved so incompetent at this duty that it became necessary for the work to be properly carried out by some statutory body. But this again took time: the third Bill to set up such an inspectorate of asylums was rejected by the House of Lords in 1819; during the debate, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon, said that "there could be no more false humanity than over-humanity with regard to persons afflicted with insanity". It was not until 1827 that the practice of inspection was finally accepted.

It was the work of Lord Ashley, later the Earl of Shaftesbury, that at last brought about a real improvement in conditions in the asylums; the Act of 1842 strengthened the power of authorities in regular inspection and supervision, and the improvement in the care of the insane has gone on slowly since that date. It was not, however, until 1927 that the suggestions that the doors in asylums and mental hospitals might be unlocked received any sympathetic consideration, and it was not until the passage of the Mental Health Act in 1959 that the practice of the open ward was finally accepted.

Professor Jones gives an interesting and accurate account of the changes in the management of the mentally ill which have taken place during the present century. It is now generally accepted that the treatment of mental illness should approximate as closely as possible to the treatment of physical illness; it is also recognized that many people who suffer from mental illness often recover and can return to the community—if it is prepared to receive them. Many large mental hospitals, however, as recent events have shown, are so grossly overcrowded that the complaint of Dr Munro, of the Bethlem hospital, in 1816 that "the crowded state of the hospital afforded no means of classification" has a familiar ring about it today.

Professor Jones ends her fascinating tale with mention of the three revolutions that have recently taken place in the treatment of the mentally ill: pharmacological, with the increasingly successful use of drugs in treatment; administrative, with many changes in the provision of care—out-patients, day hospitals, employment of social workers, and so on; and legislative, resulting from the passage of the Mental Health Act in 1959, which finally removed any distinction between hospitals for the mentally ill and those for the physically ill. Two great problems remain: considerable expansion of community care is needed, so that more people who no longer need active treatment can be discharged from mental hospitals; and improved arrangements must be made for the care of the increasing number of old people suffering not from mental illness but from senile changes in their brain and elsewhere which affect their whole behaviour.

Professor Jones has written an encouraging book, for it shows how improvement does occur no matter how unpromising the omens may be at the beginning. It will be of value and interest to a wider circle than just those, professional or otherwise, who are involved in the care and management of the mentally ill.

The new NHS

BRIAN EDWARDS and PAUL R. WALKER:

Si Vis Pacem . . .
Preparations for change in the National Health Service

89pp. Oxford University Press for the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust. Paperback, £1.20.

Discussions on the changes needed to bring the National Health Service up to date have been going on for five years, and a Bill now before Parliament embodies the results. Plans for the reorganization of the Service are, for the most part, on the managerial side: nothing is to alter on the medical, nursing and paramedical side, while the patients are barely mentioned.

Brian Edwards and Paul Walker have produced a short commentary on these plans, basing their work on studies carried out in Yorkshire during two months in 1972, and it is hoped that their criticisms and suggestions will be heeded. They point out that the changes proposed in the hospital and executive council (i e, general practitioner) services are, on the whole, evolutionary, but that those for the community services are revolutionary.

The authors hope that the national management structure will not be too rigid: they rightly state that the more rigid it is the greater will be the resentment felt by those who do not quite fit into it. For example, the standard unit of population for an area is to be 300,000 persons: it will, however, not always be easy to maintain this everywhere: the Isle of Wight, with its population of 100,000, is isolated from the mainland, and Barrow in Furness is another relatively small ... rather isolated from ... "Centralization", the ... out, "has the practical ... ducing the quality of ... consumer"; and they ... need to maintain the ... tional units and to make ... of the information that ... from social geography.

The staff of the huge ... of the National Health Se... need special considera... period of change, when ... doing two jobs and many ... ence feelings of uncertain... security: reassurance will ... and information must be ... the reasons for and the ... any proposed change. Th... supplied in a variety of ... which local seminars is ... one. The authors sugges... advice of a professional ... the service, who has insigh... way individuals behave, ... fully be obtained.

The value of *Si vis pac...* sometimes diminished by ... to use a new jargon, which ... imposed on the authors by ... some of the official papers ... ing to explain details of the ... zation. The almost myst... ment that the reorganiza... "the maximum delega... wards matched by account... wards" is repeated, and ... taken as a good sample of ... unclear thinking that does ... help either the layman or ... fessional man to unders... reason for the great ... changes envisaged. ... this little book is a useful ... well as criticism of the ... one cannot help wonder... the result of the change ... the establishment of "a ... more sensitive service to ...

Running down

KLAUS BERGMANN:

The Aged

158pp. Wolfe. £2.50.

Klaus Bergmann's short and well-written book will be easily comprehensible to its intended audience. He writes from a wide experience and clearly states his position on the first page of his book:

> Devotion, care, self-sacrifice and concern are still the norm for most people, and neglect and rejection are exceptional. Relatives, therefore, play a major part in the care of the elderly.

This opinion will be shared by most who have worked closely with the old, and it is to be hoped that it will soon be more widely accepted. There has been too much irresponsible talk about the neglect of the aged by their families and the consequent call on the state to supply all their needs. Dr Bergmann correctly states that although life expectation has greatly increased during this century, the real life span has been increased only by a year or two. Isaaps, however, has recently drawn attention to the increase in the numbers of women aged over eighty-five who need accommodation in a hospital or similar institution with little hope of improvement or discharge. Dr Bergmann repudiates the suggestion that is made with some frequency that many old people are being kept alive by a process known as "medicated survival", when ... lapsed into a "vegetable ...

When discussing ... arrangements for the ... Bergmann suggests, ... sense, that the occupa... apist be consulted on what ... tions are needed for the ... its furnishings in order ... more suitable for an old ... points out also the ... upset that can be given ... person's supports when ... to leave their homes ... development, slum clea... other inevitable changes ... have to move to a new ... estate, away from fa... roundings and friendly ... and often separated ... children and younger rela... can effectively lead to the ... of the family circle, ... deleterious, if not disastr... on the old person's ... mental health.

Dr Bergmann's book ... good advice on such ... jects as the dietary ... elderly, their annoying ... ing habits and their ... warmth to avoid death ... thermia. Many of their ... lems are glanced at, ... sound principle that ... often mental, disabilities ... necessary accompaniment ... and that they often respond ... intelligent medical treatm... sensible book should help ... many of the difficulties ... people may experience ... are confronted with the ... elderly relative.

Running repairs

MICHAEL BALINT, PAUL H. ORNSTEIN and ENID BALINT:

Focal Psychotherapy
An Example of Applied Psychoanalysis

166pp. Tavistock. £2.50.

This interesting book suffers somewhat from the fact that the senior author, Michael Balint, died before its completion. The major part of it, some two-thirds of its total length, consists of the long case-history which he contributed; the other brief chapters introduce and discuss the particular method of therapy used, but they have rather a desultory air. They are adequate enough, however, as a background to Balint's central contribution.

This—the case-history of a brief therapeutic treatment—at first sight looks as though it might be rather monotonous; neither the patient's symptoms nor his treatment were dramatic or bizarre. But in fact, like all Balint's work, it should be of great interest to anyone concerned with mental illness and health. The accepted length of full psychoanalytic treatment seems to be growing so rapidly—anything up to ten years sometimes being recommended—that the need for clear discussion and evaluation of briefer treatment is urgent. What distinguishes Balint's case-history is its careful planning and absence of deceptive jargon. The essential aims in his method of managing a brief treatment were to choose, from various alternatives, the focal points in the patient's illness; to keep them constantly in mind and not go beyond them; and to stick to the objective of modifying them. The experience was research as well as therapy: the patient was evaluated by Rorschach reports before and after treatment, each session was noted and analysed almost immediately it was over, and follow-up by letters and talks was maintained for several years.

The thirty sessions did produce a "cure"; there is no other word for it, though analysts and therapists prefer to fight shy of it. Despite the limited objectives laid down, it is clear that the treatment reached out to the patient's deepest fears and feelings at times: he not only became a more confident and generous personality, but five years after the end of treatment no breakdowns or paranoid obsessions had recurred. The therapy was exceptionally favoured, however; the patient—probably unlike the majority of people seeking treatment—had a very real and loving marriage; and he was fortunate enough to be treated by an outstanding analyst, with a lifetime of experience behind him. It is interesting, in the chapter on Balint's study-group for brief focal therapy, to see that it was when the young and open-minded analysts became more involved in long, traditional treatments that they dropped out and lost interest.

Brief therapy, which should be the ideal method for GPs, counsellors, or social workers to practise, may in fact need much wisdom and previous experience to succeed at all. But most important, evidently, is the combination of humility and clear thinking that was present in the conduct of this treatment. It is, after all, heroic when the damage of thirty years is altered in thirty hours.

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Functional Anatomy of the Newborn
EDMUND S. CRELIN, PhD, DSc

Yale University Press ... 20 Bloomsbury Square ... London

Oscar Niemeyer: Pampulha, São Francisco, 1943

The outside story

BY MARK GIROUARD

Anyone who tries to assess buildings is faced with the problem of reconciling their double ...ction. As Ruskin put it, "all ...chitecture proposes an effect on ... human mind, not merely a ser... to the human frame".

...ut does it, or, rather, ought it? ... apparently simple way out of the ...iculty is to deny that it exists, ... assert that architecture is only ...cerned with providing a service ... the human frame. It is an ...roach which has about it an ...ctive air of getting rid of a lot ...nonsense. A good building, on this ...ing, is one that is efficiently ...ned to suit the needs of its occu..., well and economically built, ... to maintain, and adequately lit, ...ed, sound-proofed, weather-...ofed, and ventilated. If, on top ...ll this, the building is pleasing ...ok at, it is a free bonus, possibly ...ally connected to its other ...ities, but irrelevant to the design ...sions which the architect has to ...

...is approach has been intimately ...d up with what is still, after ... years of existence, hopefully ...n as the Modern Movement. It ...been pushed by some people to ...me limits: architecture is more ... a skill which the architect has ...rn, it is a science in which the ...rements of each commission ... expressed in numerical terms ...olved as neatly as a mathemati... problem.

In looking at professedly "...ctional" buildings one has to ...guish between buildings that ...ly are functional and buildings ...ook functional. Consciously or ...consciously the standards to ... many architects have worked, ...y which many critics have ... the results of their work, have ...nes of appearance rather than ...mance. A whole language of ...ism has been worked out. ...lighting has been symbolized ...undance of glass, good heating ...osing the hot water pipes, good ...re by exposing the concrete ... good planning by expressing ...ernal arrangements in the ex... façades, and good economy by ... without ornament. This sym... language can exist in a building ... subject to glare, expensive to inefficiently constructed, incon...tly planned, and expensive to build and maintain. But the majority of critics have been prepared to accept the symbols for the reality, especially if they were used in a visually coherent way. Apart from anything else, it was much easier to do so. To decide if a building looks as if it works is a matter of walking round it once; to decide if it really works needs a lot of effort and knowledge, on the basis of evidence gathered over at least six months' trial. And most buildings are assessed by the critics immediately they are completed and often before they are in occupation at all.

There have, of course, been architects who have pursued the reality rather than the symbols. They tend to be (at any rate on the surface) modest men, averse to any personal notoriety or the idea of a building as being the product of one man's mind: they work in teams, consult frequently with the client, bring in people from other disciplines, and learn from their mistakes. As a movement they were especially strong in the 1950s, socialist rather than conservative, to be found more often in the public than the private sector, and especially identified with the building of schools. The less extreme among them would certainly have agreed that it was impossible to exclude an aesthetic element from their decisions. The range of options at every stage of design is enormous and can seldom if ever be reduced to one on purely practical grounds; it is because of this that the idea of architecture as a science can never really be made to work. Faced with a number of apparently equally valid choices, there are few architects who would not select the one which they thought would look best. What, to the members of the movement, was unforgivable was to make practical values suffer for the sake of aesthetic ones: anyone who seemed to do so was contemptuously dismissed as a "formalist".

In plugging remorselessly home the point that the first necessity for a building is that it should work, the anti-formalists were performing a useful and necessary service. They were also disastrously limiting the role of architecture. Ruskin's "effect on the human mind" can't be dismissed or ignored. One of the main elements in any brief is the need to produce an image with which the client can identify and which users can recognize. The importance of buildings as projections of the personality of their owners (whether corporate or single), as indications of their tastes, their beliefs, their fantasies, their political views, their competence, their social class, their wealth, their power, their ability to entertain, or whatever, is, and always has been, absolutely enormous. Images, apart from their psychological value to the individuals they reinforce, can bring in clients or congregations, catch votes or further careers.

The projection of images is largely a matter of the skilful use of associations: it may be possible for a clever architect to answer practical requirements in such a way as to bolster the image, but intellectually the two are distinct. If the image is sufficiently alluring people have always been prepared to suffer for it, "proud to catch cold at a Venetian door" as Pope put it, or pleased to crack their heads on oak beams, just as, clothes-wise, they have been prepared to freeze in mini-skirts or choke in stiff shirts. To say that this is wrong or stupid of them is to attempt to change human nature, something many contemporary architects have been all too ready to do.

The image-making aspect of architecture may be one that antiformalists have tried to do without, but this is not to say that many modern

The MIT Press

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Learning from Las Vegas
Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown, Robert Izenour
Learning from Las Vegas is addressed to both the directly interested parties—architects and planners—and the consumers of architecture, so to speak—the general public. In this highly controversial book, Venturi, Brown and Izenour claim that the lessons of Las Vegas for architects today are as relevant as those of classical Rome to the past century. What the authors are primarily concerned with is a total re-examination of the goal of architecture and the role of the architect in contemporary society. Their book is divided into three parts. The first is an illustrated study of the iconography and symbolism of Las Vegas, which leads to an unequivocal defence of automobile dominance and what critics call "urban sprawl". The middle section elaborates this position, showing by historical example how the Modern movement has led to an architecture of the Heroic and Original. The authors prescribe what they believe is an urgently needed antidote: a new modesty, an architectural populism and an acceptance of the Ugly and Ordinary. The last part of the book illustrates how the theory is translated in practice.
"Almost everything that the Venturi's have to say is heresy if you have been brought up as a true believer in modern architectural doctrine as formulated in the early part of this century. Everything Venturi and Rauch designs is a slap in the face of true believers. And to use irony or wit in the pursuit of either theory or design—as a tool to shock awareness or as a comment on the cultural condition—is the original sin."—*The New York Times*
1972 Illus. £10.75

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Zwemmer [illegible]

architects haven't been as busily engaged in it as their predecessors, even if, on occasion, they have pretended to be doing something quite different. The small band of enthusiasts who commissioned Modern Movement buildings in the 1930s may have persuaded themselves, against all the evidence, that the buildings they had built were cheaper and more efficient than those erected by their less progressive fellow-citizens. But a major part of their motive was the desire to demonstrate that they were progressive, and the more vividly the buildings projected this image, the more successful they can be judged to have been. Images of efficiency in themselves are entirely defensible and only cease to be so when they collide disastrously with efficiency itself. In the 1950s, when societies were justifiably concerned with rebuilding themselves after the war, images of progress and efficiency were at a premium, and none proved more powerful than the Corbusian one of free-standing residential towers in open parkland: half its force, perhaps, was its total lack of resemblance to any form of housing that had gone before. In a quite different sphere the best commercial architects and designers have been brilliantly successful in creating for their clients an image of cool expensive glossiness, both inside and out.

But by and large contemporary architecture's achievement in creating images can be judged a considerable failure, for a number of reasons. It has failed almost completely, for instance, to produce images of enjoyment or entertainment, or images of domesticity with which any large number of people can identify. And too often even when its images have been successful, they have been successful in terms of the people who commissioned the building, not of those who use it. It is one thing to be proud to catch cold at your own Venetian door, quite another to be proud to allow others to do so. The progressive patron of the 1930s, in stripping the shade from his electric light-bulb, could feel symbolically freed from the wrappings of outworn convention, and the satisfaction of the gesture justified the discomfort of the glare. But it didn't justify progressive architects and housing committees of the 1960s from making similar gestures at the expense of the people they were rehousing.

For ten years the tower blocks of Roehampton and their successors attracted visiting deputations of town councillors from all over the world, but they have notably failed to endear themselves to the people who have lived in them. Pleasure in the raw vigour of rough untreated concrete is a taste which should never have been imposed on council tenants. There have been all too many examples of this kind of approach, because increasing numbers of buildings are being commissioned by clients who are never going to use them themselves.

So buildings are built by architects to please these non-user clients, or even by architects to please architects. For one of the by-products of growing professionalism is that an increasing number of commissions are being handed out to architectural departments in public bodies which are left very much to themselves, or as a result of recommendations by other architects or of competitions judged largely or entirely by architects.

Architecture is becoming a closed language, understood by architects and by a very small circle of cognoscenti, who seldom include the people who use the buildings. To those inside the system it can present remarkably exciting and enjoyable experiences, the result of a level of formal expertise which in the past ten years has reached impressive heights. But it is not a language that means much to the general public. What postwar buildings in England have evoked public enthusiasm or affection besides Coventry Cathedral, Centre Point (before its image was dirtied by its history) and the Post Office Tower? The architects of the two former are probably the only two English architects whom any appreciable number of the public could name: it may or may not be significant that they are both architects whose reputation in their own profession is somewhat ambivalent.

To architects who create images at the public's expense and architects who refuse to create images to the public's loss must be added architects who don't bother to create images, to their clients' very great gain. In the case of commercial offices, and much commercial shopping and housing, it has become abundantly clear that while the demand so exceeds the supply location and floor space are of paramount importance; the image the building presents to the user is, from a money-making point of view, of no importance at all. Nor, such is the divorce between architecture and the public, is it a way to establishing the developer's own image: property developers who are minded that way achieve their ends through moving into politics, contributing to popular causes or creating a personal myth, leaving the public with totally impersonal buildings. It is only in the past few years, as buildings of this variety have become the major part of the townscape, that the public have begun to scream; their reactions are comparable to those of the people who are locked in a featureless room with nothing to read and nothing to do, and find themselves going mad.

All this perhaps adds up to an unfairly biased picture of the contemporary architectural scene, but emphasizing the black side may help toward a definition of what constitutes a good building. It is one that successfully reconciles the practical and symbolic needs of the people for whose benefit it is built. Looking back over the history of architecture one can see how freely architects have raided whatever was in the public mind at the moment in order to create images to catch the public fancy.

The craze for archaeological excavation in the late eighteenth century and the study of nature in the 1860s were both reflected in the buildings of the time, just as the 1920s transposed into architecture the formal organization of abstract paintings, which caught the fancy of one group and the streamlining of cars and aeroplanes, which caught the fancy of another.

From a practical point of view streamlining a building is an absurdity, but this does not mean that streamlined buildings are absurd. Buildings have frequently been used to express ethical or philosophic views, an entirely defensible thing to do so long as their users understand and agree with what is going on. Comparisons between architecture and language are not always helpful, but the five classical orders, as a result of many centuries of familiarity and different usage, did provide a way in which buildings could communicate to their users every kind of message, from grave to gay.

By comparison with what has been available in the past, the vocabulary available to contemporary architects appears amazingly limited. Ornament, pattern, virtually speaking colour, and any hint of historicism except of the most covert kind, have been excluded as the result of a censorship that was meaningful to a small group in the 1930s [illegible] being imposed forty years [illegible] people for whom it has [illegible] all. There is nothing [illegible] the great range of decoration which could be ordered [illegible] so to speak, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and [illegible] terrace housing its [illegible] nation of order and variety [illegible]

Image-making has become [illegible] of shapes rather than decoration [illegible] a symbolism of shapes, [illegible] effective, is expensive, [illegible] hard to modify or change. [illegible] American architect Robert [illegible] calls the decorated shed—[illegible] includes a Renaissance [illegible] Georgian terrace house—[illegible] to be respectable. Yet in [illegible] ingly mobile society any [illegible] allows successive waves of [illegible] pants to change the imagery [illegible] containers easily and [illegible] has obvious advantages [illegible] imagery that is more than [illegible] tic eclecticism, and that [illegible] people to see their hopes [illegible] fantasies vividly reflected [illegible] buildings they use, is [illegible] evolve until the architectural [illegible] sion ceases being so rigid [illegible] looking a body and is [illegible] extend its frontiers and [illegible] side aid.

Mark Girouard is the [illegible] *Robert Smythson and the [illegible] ture of the Elizabethan* [illegible] and *The Victorian Country* [illegible] (1971).

Success

HAZEL EVANS (Editor):
New Towns: The British [illegible]
196pp. Charles Knight. [illegible] back, £2.80).

New towns rank as one [illegible] greatest planning success[illegible] come from all over the [illegible] them and the Town and [illegible] Planning Association [illegible] enough, as the descendant [illegible] ezer Howard, never tire [illegible] ing and explaining them.

The essays gathered [illegible] are contributed by an [illegible] specialists with first-hand [illegible] of British new towns. [illegible] troduced by Peter Self [illegible] readable and informative [illegible] ganda, though one wonders [illegible] at whom it is aimed. [illegible] merely a matter of keeping [illegible] flying. At any rate [illegible] of this kind are promising [illegible]

Stepping outside the system

J. M. RICHARDS and NIKOLAUS PEVSNER (Editors):
The Anti-Rationalists
208pp including plates. Architectural Press. £6.

The Anti-Rationalists: a somewhat rough-and-ready encompassing title for this fascinating, but very miscellaneous, collection of essays and notes on European architects and designers during the period approximately 1890-1914. The term works very well for Hector Guimard during the years when he is contorting wood, stone and metal to embellish Parisian houses and Métro stations; and it applies to Gaudí's Barcelonan contemporaries, Berenguer and Domenech, little less than to the visionary master himself. "Anti-rationalist" can also be made to fit the Italians, Sommaruga and Moretti, the Hungarian, Lechner (one of the revelations of this book). But, in spite of his sometimes extravagant use of decoration, can the systematic Otto Wagner really be thought of as anti-rational? And surely there is as much logic as one can ask for in the mature style of Mackintosh; in the 1902 Turin exhibition pavilions and subsequent work in Turkey by Raimondo d'Aronco; in the austerity of the pre-1914 cubist architects of Prague; and in the imaginative projects of Sant'Elia.

Perhaps no satisfactory label will ever be found to describe the creative, non-traditional architecture of the period. Art Nouveau is, of course, often used; but as Henry-Russell Hitchcock argued more than a decade ago, it is wrong for Mackintosh; and unless it is to become so vague as to mean nothing, it is wrong for much else besides. [illegible] problems the editors have posed by their choice of title, one should take the book for what it is: a stimulating, if not particularly comprehensive, anthology of architecture and design in an age of eclecticism.

Most of the essays appeared in the *Architectural Review* during the 1960s. This common source rather than an overall plan has, therefore, determined the book's scope. But, as Sir Nikolaus Pevsner explains in his introduction, one of the essays, an intelligent and informative one by Manfredo Nicoletti on Italian architecture, was specially contributed; and two others, Sherban Cantacuzino's on Guimard and Otto Antonia Graf's on Otto Wagner and his influence, have been translated from the Japanese and German in which they originally appeared. As this is so avowedly a random collection, one cannot complain about what has been left out (for example, Horta and van de Velde of Belgium, Berlage of Holland, Hoffmann of Austria, and the Czech, Jan Kotera, all spring to mind). But the well-illustrated explorations into the little-known aspects of the architecture of Barcelona, Budapest and Prague during the decades on either side of 1900 make up for a multitude of omissions.

Britain, appropriately in a British publication, is well looked after. There are two important essays on Mackintosh: a searching analysis by David Walker of his artistic pedigree and development; and a discussion by Eduard Sekler of his contacts with Vienna, especially with Josef Hoffmann and the patron Fritz Wärndorfer [illegible]

[illegible] designed by, and built under the supervision of, Mary Watts, wife of that quintessentially Victorian artist G. F. Watts, provides a valuable demonstration of how Arts-and-Crafts decoration merges, perhaps unwittingly, into a kind of international Art Nouveau; and John Malton's account of William Reynolds-Stephen's stylized interior for Harrison Townsend's Great Warley Church in Essex tells an intriguing, and very English, story of eccentricity and compromise. But, apart from Shirley Bury's excellent interim report on her researches into the history of the firm of Liberty, there is [illegible] one of the English [illegible] too much [illegible] that tend [illegible] writing on [illegible] that Sir Nikolaus [illegible] fulfilled [illegible] modern a[illegible] such an o[illegible] after all, [illegible] years ago [illegible] very large[illegible] we have g[illegible] and acquir[illegible] ing, style [illegible] tory.

Arts of the Environment

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Contributors include:
Jim Burns, Jay W Forrester, Kevin Lynch, Dolf Schnebli, Eduardo Torroja.
256 pages 152 illus. 0 85628 004 6 [illegible]

Aidan Ellis Cobb House, Henley-on-Thames

Immortalizing Windsor

DEREK LINSTRUM:
Sir Jeffry Wyatville
Architect to the King
[illegible]pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £10.

Derek Linstrum dedicates his book to the memory of George IV, who, according to the epigraph quoted from Edward Jesse's *Summer's Day at Windsor*

> if he had lived in a remoter period, would have been deemed *George the Magnificent*. When we call to mind how his taste and splendour have been displayed . . . we shall surely confess that he may with justice be ranked high among those monarchs who have raised the glory of England by their talents, and immortalized Windsor by having made it their residence.

George's stock is not so high now as it must have been in 1841, and today this seems a somewhat dubious commendation of Dr Linstrum's subject, whose largest single work is indeed the outcome of the king's decision to immortalize Windsor in a particular way. It is a work which lightens the hearts of few of those who visit Windsor today, for Wyatville's ingenuity of planning which, Dr Linstrum convincingly shows, converted a rambling, motley and, it must be admitted, outwardly unattractive collection of buildings into a castle fit for a king. But the period of George IV's ascendancy, which coincides with the major part of Wyatville's career, seems to many of us now—as, for perhaps different reasons, it did to Pugin—to be architecturally a very meagre one. Wyatville was certainly an extremely capable builder, and his works were better supervised and in consequence far more solidly built than those of some of his contemporaries, including his more famous uncle, James Wyatt, under whom he learnt his trade; but he is eminently of his time—resourceful, perceptive, with a good and alert eye for fashion, yet an artist curiously sterile.

Dr Linstrum has indeed taken on a formidable task, and it is no small achievement not only to have given an agreeable portrait of an obviously very agreeable man—unaffected, good-humoured, a bit childlike, notably honest towards his clients, "universally beloved and respected . . . amongst the numerous workmen he employed"—but also to persuade us of the importance of the impulse Wyatville gave to more than one architectural movement which came into prominence in the early years of the nineteenth century. But Dr Linstrum's plaudits do not always ring quite convincingly in the light of his copious and admirable illustrations: "a consistency in the detailing and an unusually sensitive spacing of the windows on the south front" do not prevent Banner Cross from being, surely, a very dreary house; and even Dr Linstrum has to admit that "some of [Wyatville's] work at Chatsworth, although quite accurate in the sense of being copied from or based on the original, has had a dulling effect on the exterior". "Based on" is doubtless the trouble: Wyatville, though "not at all anxious to destroy old work unnecessarily", had little sympathy with Talman's Baroque, the detail of which must have seemed to him pointlessly disruptive of classical harmony, and so he smoothed it all down and made something sadly lifeless out of his alterations to the original house.

Yet Dr Linstrum is certainly right to call the huge extensions which Wyatville and the Duke of Devonshire devised together at Chatsworth "a remarkably complete expression of early nineteenth-century taste . . . a synthesis of Classical and Picturesque principles": almost accidentally the house became "the source for the Italianate mansions that were built in the late 1830s", and later; and the asymmetrical assemblage which grew out of the Duke's never-ending series of new ideas and crazes is as emphatically a monument of the Picturesque as the enormous cottage orné which Wyatville had earlier built for another of his ducal customers at Endsleigh in Devon. That was in 1810 (and not, Dr Linstrum tells us, Wyatville's first venture in this manner): so he was in at the start with Nash and Repton, well before the spate of pattern books sprinkled over the country those spiky little houses with their bargeboarded gables, high chimneys and trellises. It was Wyatville, too, who transformed the vast mass of Ashridge from the conventional Gothick which James Wyatt had concocted into its present luxuriously sprawling order in disorder.

Dr Linstrum thinks highly of Wyatville's knowledge of and attention to Gothic detail, remarking that seven years in his uncle's office must have given the younger man an insight into the problems of restoring medieval buildings and hence into the principles of Gothic design. But even though Ashridge Chapel may have been to date (say, 1815) "the most convincing, scholarly building of the Gothic Revival which had yet been built", this is inevitably coolish praise, though it may seem rather unfair to judge the Wyatts' archaeology against Pugin's or Street's: besides, what could Wyatville do with such unpromising materials as were then in vogue—flimsy brickwork covered with patent cement? It is hardly surprising that, as Dr Linstrum observes of Hillfield Lodge, Hertfordshire, the houses sometimes "failed in execution to live up to the charm of [their] designer's water-colours".

Quite a handful of Wyatville's original designs are for villas in the dry, almost detailless, classical to which the Adams' refining taste had been pared down by the elder Wyatts. But Wyatville, Dr Linstrum stresses, made his reputation essentially as an improver, and it is in this role that he is best remembered: out of ninety-one houses for which he made designs (executed or not) only eighteen were for completely new buildings; all the rest were for additions or alterations, of which of course the transformation of Windsor was the largest in quantity if not necessarily in overall effect. Dr Linstrum gives us a long and amiable chapter on the whole lengthy business by which the King engineered his great works through Parliament (the costs steadily escalating in a very familiar way as new necessities went on being discovered or revealed) and his architect engineered happy results for all concerned at Windsor, including the aggrandisement of his own name and his subsequent knighthood.

It is all an agreeably easygoing, convivial story, which leaves the reader feeling pleasantly warm towards Wyatville himself, even if he did have some rather silly vanity, towards his dukes and even towards the King (*his* vanity for once in a way seems merely comic). Whether Dr Linstrum will win many admirers for Wyatville's architecture is perhaps another matter. It is hard indeed to see how the historian's job could have been done better, and it must now have been done once and for all. The thoroughness of research which lies behind the book is apparent in the rich detail and above all in the clarity with which the information is presented both in the text and more especially in the entirely admirable catalogue raisonné in which (perhaps consciously following John Harris's method in his great study of Chambers) Dr Linstrum summarizes all that is known of the history and documentation of each project.

The illustrations—as often as possible taken from Wyatville's own beautiful drawings or contemporary engravings, backed up by good photographs and Dr Linstrum's clear plans—are exceedingly well reproduced. The author and the publisher have done a first-rate job: only the subject leaves one feeling a little bleak. Doubtless the very scale on which at Windsor Wyatville was obliged to multiply his not very large range of original ideas is defeating: the overall effect is really painfully joyless. And that seems out of character with the man, so that one is left to reflect sadly on the architectural and social context in which someone so pleasantly gifted can leave behind him as his major work something both so sombre and so bloodless.

Organic wholes

GEORG GERMANN:
Gothic Revival in Europe and Britain: Sources, Influences and Ideas
Translated by Gerald Onn
[illegible]pp. Lund Humphries with the Architectural Association. £8.75.

[illegible] point in the history of [illegible] in this country is illuminated [illegible] statement of a certain clever [illegible] man in 1828 that "for the [illegible] part the Albert Memorial is the [illegible] of pure philistinism, and [illegible] is not a document of much [illegible] to the student of taste". The [illegible] of thought . . . (and taste) [illegible] at Phase Two when the same [illegible] in maturity, influenced by [illegible] by Ruskin's late footnotes to *Stones of Venice*, footnoted that [illegible] in a second edition; [illegible] and unconvincing [illegible] Clark, *The Gothic Revival*. [illegible] have now arrived at Phase [illegible] when learned works on Victorian Gothic roll out almost daily. [illegible] one by Georg Germann is distinguished by its international outlook. The original Gothic style of the Middle Ages, properly understood, was an international style; [illegible] twentieth-century attitudes toward the Gothic Revival, having felt their way gingerly around the Albert Memorial, must now comprehend international-minded analysis that can ignore our own dear monument altogether to arrive at an understanding of the revival's principles by different routes, via Arts and Crafts, to the Bauhaus and Frank Lloyd Wright, influenced by the theoretical premise of Gothic building as organic, craft-made whole. Dr Germann suggests that the reason why Gothic Revival theory was so much more influential than Neoclassic theory lay in its reconciliation of an ideal concept of architectural style with firm principles of actual architectural practice. If the Gothic never became a universally accepted style in the nineteenth century, artists and craftsmen did continue to be swayed by its principles.

Whatever reconciliation there really was between the ideal and the actual, this is a book about architecture-in-the-head, not architecture-on-the-ground. It is a learned discussion of interacting attitudes, principally in nineteenth-century Germany, England and France. It is readably translated and well indexed. Although Sir Nikolaus Pevsner's recent *Some Architectural Writers of the Nineteenth Century* is in many ways more thorough, the two books are [illegible]

Questions

PETER COOK (Editor):
Archigram
144pp. Studio Vista. £4.20.

The name Archigram was invented for a home-made magazine produced in their spare time by half-a-dozen young architects in their twenties and issued from 1961 onwards. Their mission was to expound an alternative architecture, rich in fantastic images and including such conceptions as the plug-in city and the "suit that is also a house". The magazine received serious attention abroad, so much so that an impression was created of a powerful organization actually practising this revolutionary style of architecture.

The group as such has not in fact built anything, yet its output, as represented in this assembly and reproduced in book form of the projects put forward in the magazines, should not be dismissed as mere science-fiction. Beneath the fashionable terminology and pop-art graphic presentation lie serious architectural criticism and a valid questioning of many of the basic assumptions which limit our present idea of what architecture should consist of. Archigram's ingenious projects ask questions that the future must sooner or later answer, even if realistic answers are not provided on its own pages.

ARCHITECTURAL PRESS

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The planners and the planned

JUSTUS DAHINDEN (Editor) :
Urban Structures for the Future
219pp. Pall Mall. £9.
JOHN N. JACKSON :
The Urban Future
335pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.25.

GUY BENVENISTE :
The Politics of Expertise
232pp. Croom Helm. £4.25.
ROBERT GOODMAN :
After the Planners
270pp. Penguin. Paperback, 75p.

STEPHEN PLOWDEN :
Towns Against Traffic
183pp. André Deutsch. £2.75.
COLIN BUCHANAN :
The State of Britain
87pp. Faber and Faber. £1.50.

History must be littered with designs for cities of the future that never got beyond the drawing-board, utopian dreams that nobody wanted to build or live in. Such concepts are still produced, only nowadays they take the form of socio-technological experiments illustrated by machine-age graphics and propped up by esoteric theories expounded in baffling prose or space-science versions of *Meccano Magazine* captions.

Urban Structures for the Future is a collection of such ideas: anthropomorphic-looking monostructures, cellular agglomerates, megastructures with clip-on components or plug-in accessories, arcological fantasies and all sorts of urbanistical novelties that must have enlivened many a student seminar over the past decade or so. These ingenuities are mostly the work of architects and fringe practitioners with aesthetic, technological or sociological pretensions, escapist members of a profession always eager to pass on from the design of a single building and lay claim to the essential expertise for devising the total environment. They make you glad that the environment of the new technology is part of a disposable culture. Says Peter Cook, of the Archigram Group: "The future will almost certainly be expendable."

And yet the introduction states that total planning for the future is inconceivable without a vision of what the future may look like. Such a statement is open to considerable debate. It poses the basic alternatives of whether the future is to consist of a brave new world comprehensively designed on a heroic scale and doubtless in a style that will become out of date well before completion, or whether planning is really a process—an on-going process, as we have now learnt to say—of ad hoc adjustments to complex systems to meet changing demands.

That the future will be different from the present there can be little doubt; it always has been. That it will be increasingly urban is also clear; the trends have been pointing that way for as long as man ceased to be nomadic. What forms the new urbanity may be cast in remains to be seen, though it seems unlikely they will resemble many of those in Justus Dahinden's collection. Inevitably some of the novelties will rub off and in time become normal; so much depends on the speed of urbanization, and that is unpredictable. Population projections are notoriously unreliable, and it is in the nature of the operation that the more precisely one tries to picture the future the less accurate does the answer become.

One sure way of determining the future is to act now; indeed most of what happens tomorrow has already been fixed by decisions taken yesterday. Nevertheless the patterns to which the population can be distributed over the land surface are, give or take a conurbation or two, apparently still open to choice—provided that we act soon enough and have the patience and the longevity to wait for it to happen; and always presuming we act on good advice. On the face of it there is plenty of that to be had, much of it conflicting, some of it flying in the face of trends, most of it confusingly expert. Certainly there is no dearth of planning studies and reports. No self-respecting region is without one, and *The Urban Future*, regardless of its title, is a comparative guide to eight of them. John Jackson's book is specialized and introspective and contains a great deal of contextual material that the informed reader would be expected to take for granted. It tells you little about the urban future: how could it? But there is much speculation about the best way to get there.

Like many another turgid technical philosophy, this one comes to no startling conclusions. Books like this are always written, or claim to be written, to promote further discussion or "to extend awareness of the nature of urban issues", thus reflecting a common tendency: as planning techniques develop and become more scientifically analytical, the element of professional advice in any exercise seems to become less. The planner is opting out of the responsibility for proffering solutions.

There was a time, not too long ago, when planners considered their problems, studied the facts, pondered a little, discarded useless or unlikely ideas and then, in a flash of inspiration borne of long practice at their craft, came up with a recommended solution.

Perhaps it is that, living in a consumer-orientated society, we have become so enamoured of the idea of choice that even town planning must set out what are now called options instead of straightforward proposals. Alternative futures are sketched out while the customer is left to wallow in a sea of murky prose and confusing statistics and to decide for himself, if he can, what is likely to be the best buy. The public participation movement is no help since it aids and abets the experts in being reticent about firm recommendations and seems designed to avoid coming to conclusions too early or even at all. The more we know, it seems, the less we are inclined to act.

The lesson that emerges most clearly from all this dissertation about method and technique is that the subjective view is still important. Planning is not an exact science, so intuition and professional judgment should count for more than extrapolated trends or trendy options. And if the public are going to participate in creating the future they will need to be able to distinguish between the alternatives on offer. Planners will therefore need to present complex issues in clear, unambiguous language. *The Urban Future* is not a particularly good example of that, although practitioners may find its assessments useful and some of the ideas stimulating.

The uncertainty of the future

At the beginning of Professor Jackson's book Bertrand de Jouvenel asserts that the future is a field of uncertainty. This is a field, according to Guy Benveniste, in which experts flourish. His treatise on *The Politics of Expertise* is a non-fairy story about the modern prince who is prisoner at the hands of his experts as they walk about his corridors of power making an art of uncertainty, building images that are self-fulfilling, postulating the inevitable, predicting the unpredictable, and permitting the politician to participate by the use of options.

This is the kind of book that any expert who does not take himself too seriously will enjoy immensely. It is full of wickedly accurate observation and deliciously pointed comment. It contains its share of transatlantic verbosity which most experts seem trained to endure and, moreover, able to produce without training, often in the form of mind-crippling prose that almost amounts to a recycling of the language. For the most part Mr Benveniste's own style is delightfully clear and so are his thoughts. There is one devastating passage that should discourage any embryo expert just out of college from entering such a confusing arena. Apart from presenting a clear and perceptive analysis of the policy-making process in government and big organizations *The Politics of Expertise* is a primer on how to survive in this competitive field of uncertainty by becoming indispensable.

Mr Benveniste is another author who does not underrate the importance of value judgments; indeed it is the lack of data and knowledge that brings about the need for experts, he says, and "a plan without imagination is further away from the possible than one with it". One of the messages in his serious and entertaining book is that the planner acquires a great deal of social power without political responsibility. In this he is not alone, although in Britain planners have always assumed a politically neutral role, their actions always being aimed at the general public good, their intentions always of the best. In America, it seems, things are different.

After the Planners is a polemic which paints a lurid picture of the way experts are used by big business politicians to legitimate (a good Benveniste verb, that) a system by which massive combines continue to make profits out of arrogant and repressive urban renewal programmes at the expense of the poor and underprivileged. The examples are telling and the argument has a convincing ring to it. And in case the British reader should get the superior feeling that it couldn't happen here, an overlong introduction by John A. D. Palmer is designed to show that it all too easily could.

As good as his political persuasions, Professor Goodman has taken his expertise away from the establishment camp and offered it to the other side, in the belief that if anyone should be doing the pushing around it should be them. His desire to liberate the underprivileged so as to permit them to devise their own habitat by means of something called guerrilla architecture, to be free to explore their own environmental needs and create more spontaneous, less bourgeois settlements (like the squatters on the fringes of Latin American cities) smacks equally of architectural arrogance; such back-to-the-frontier romanticism may not be every slum dweller's ideal, even if the advice does come free. Any expert is entitled to seek patronage from one side rather than another, but if the public are going to fight the planners they will probably succeed better using their native wit than gratuitous professionalism.

As Mr Palmer notes and Professor Goodman realizes, it is not merely a lack of expertise that lies at the root of the urban problem. A change of heart is needed and therefore a challenge to orthodoxy is always worth more than a passing glance. If at the same time it seems to offer hope for a solution to most persistent and urban problems of our It also deserves serious tion. An author who is practitioner in a field transportation and still about it in clear, calm, felicitous English deserves

Towns Against Traffic ceeded in clearing away mystique that surrounds this studded subject. In laying essentials for the layman, Plowden has also uncovered philosophies basic to official most of which, though time and traditional, turn out to guided. But advanced thought modern techniques also come criticism. The 1963 Buchanan on traffic in towns and the inspired land-use / transport study both accept too readily starting-point the economic assumption that all traffic should be met. This arises view that movement is more tant than other activities traveller by motor car more tant than any other kind.

The case histories of standing arguments, in London Oxford, illuminate the hind official attitudes, showing in modern conditions the rules make it impossible win. Road building should the last steps to be considered build roads is expensive, and very often damaging mentally; the traffic effect tain and the benefits new may be obtainable by other means."

Getting the theory right

The alternatives to doms are not spectacular; they be, compared with boyance of motorway Yet as Mr Plowden shows, shifts of emphasis in the can make vast differences things are done. The important is to get the theory right points out early on, "the tant points that arise are of expertise". Phrases like beginning to have a familiar one suspects that the behind the steering-wheel to blame for the perpetua moded and unworkable cies as the experts who politicians.

Philosophies cannot be overnight. But reactions projects involving newal and motorway stronger than they have and more effective. Mr Plowden stood on the side of his book comes out at an time when a number of await official decisions.

Like Colin Buchanan Mr Plowden sees the traffic as part of a much wider problem. The famous Report set out a range of left society to choose responsibility which has spicuously avoided, Report was widely acclaimed in *The State of Britain* Buchanan looks back. Chichele Lectures delivered he reviews what has been "in the name of planning" past twenty-five years.

It is not a very inspiring neither success story failure. The country been in an appalling the effort; yet we could so much better. Professor an's slim volume informed, sober assessment are no technical fireworks recipes for success visions of the future. way it does set standards ful glimpse into mankind still retains ties, virtues and frailties sometimes to be unable personality in a simple garden shed. Above all sum up all the other plying that planning cult, though dealing ted issues, though specialized skills is really of the will to do some with our inheritance country does with its index of its level of culture is a race against time will be essential—and support of many people ences of opinion as to what be done are one thing natural enough and with; far more dangerous cult is the attitude whereby the task is lieved in at all.

JOHN MURRAY
An Architectural List

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truggles of the Arab left

E RODINSON :
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bly all that Maxime Rodinson tten since his break with what "institutionalized Marxism" case the French Communist which he left in 1958), has part an attempt to define his beliefs in relation to the m of the Communist move- *Marxisme et monde musul-* a collection of articles and most of them previously pub- linked by explanatory intro- and reflecting various of the author's stand— but "independent"—on the nd political problems of the East.

the sometimes uneven mix- scholarship and political raphy, written with first- nowledge of the Arab left egree of involvement in its , by a man who no longer e need to remain loyal to dox line. He can write pas- y about the repression in in July 1971 without leav- impression that he is trying political capital out of the of the Sudanese Communist In comparing the Syrian der, Khaled Bikdash, with nese, Farajallah Helou (tor- death in a Syrian prison in e hesitates to criticize Bik- t because the prestige of s linked to that of his party use, as he says, he has no dd to the burdens of a man ow old and sick; even so, an unforgettable picture ng Stalinist whose extrava- style belongs in part to the ent of a personality cult d on the traditions of a hich demands of its politi- es that they appear larger common man, however pro- their political ideals. nson has some fascinating ons on the difficulties of Communist parties and good essay on the Turkish st poet Nazim Hikmet. At eoretical level, he succeeds admirably in defining the complexities of the relationship of Islam to the development of Arab societies, in particular in his treatment of the "modernization" undertaken by the nineteenth-century Islamic reformers. There is also a useful piece on the role of Sultan Galiev, President under Stalin in the Soviet Commissariat of Nationalities, who is increasingly seen as a precursor of many contemporary views on nationalism in the Third World.

But he has unfortunately decided to include far too much in this collection. It is naive to introduce a fifteen-page encyclopedia article by saying that it may be useful for the understanding of the rest of the book and to imagine that anyone will have read to page 587 without already knowing the few basic facts it contains. It is careless, and infuriating, not to have supervised the standardization of the transliteration of Arab names, so that the late Egyptian President, indexed under the accepted *Nasser*, is also found in the text as *Nâçir*, *Nâçer* and *Nâsser*, while Iraqi Premier Abdul Karim Qasim gets three different spellings in two consecutive sentences.

The reason for M Rodinson's defection from the French Communist Party was his intellectual honesty and his refusal to submit "to an elite of leaders whose intellectual and moral failings had been demonstrated by experience". Although he questions the precise sense in which Marxism can be called "scientific", he still recognizes the universal validity of many Marxist descriptions of political conflict. He is little interested in labels, questions the "socialism" of some Arab political movements and sees nationalism as potentially dangerous wherever it happens to establish itself as state dogma.

It is at this point that he comes most directly into conflict with the Egyptian Marxist Anouar Abdel-Malek. The debate between them, now near the level of personal insult, hinges on the word *nationalitaire*. M Abdel-Malek uses this (and its still more ugly derivative *nationalitarisme*) to describe a qualitative difference between Third World and Western nationalisms. M Rodinson says the word has been adopted as a cover for chauvinism. M Abdel-Malek's reply in *La Dialectique sociale* appeared in time for M Rodinson to interpret it, in *Marxisme et monde musulman*, as a reference to his Jewish ancestry and an accusation of "crypto-Zionism". Further instalments in the discussion seem likely to continue at this level and to add nothing of any interest except for those directly involved.

Like M Rodinson's book, *La Dialectique sociale* is a collection of articles and essays, but it is intended as the first stage in the establishment of a wider sociological theory which will take account of the specificity of societies and its relation to universal models, and a theory of power. The context is the national-liberation movement and the emergence of the "tricontinental world" (M Abdel-Malek is sensitive to what he sees as the derogatory implications of "Third" world). He is incensed by the cultural self-centredness of the West and one of his most characteristic pieces is a sustained attack on Western orientalists. On three occasions he quotes Montesquieu's Frenchman, who asked with amazement: "Ah! Ah! Monsieur est Persan? c'est une chose bien extraordinaire! Comment peut-on être Persan?" But he attributes the phrase directly to Montesquieu and one cannot be sure that he realizes Montesquieu was himself satirizing the attitude implied by the question.

At any rate, he offers us "Comment peut-on être Persan?" as evidence of Europe's unwillingness to perceive the world outside. His often uncritical condemnation of Western values is mirrored by an equally uncritical enthusiasm for non-Western societies. Thus, while admitting that the result of Nasserism has been the establishment of a state bourgeoisie, he persists in finding some peculiar virtue in the fact that Egypt under Nasser opted nominally for "scientific socialism". He does however raise some valid questions on the role of the military in Arab society and the origins of anti-militarism among Western intellectuals, which makes them suspicious of any society dominated openly by its armed forces. The main theses of his work are clear, but they often have to struggle through an undergrowth of jargon from which at times little or nothing emerges. One wonders why, for example, having clearly suspected the phrase was meaningless, he still goes ahead and writes that "plus l'impact américain grandit, plus le maximalisme devient, si j'ose dire, le seul possibilisme possible dans l'aire tricontinentale d'aujourd'hui". Worst of all, one suspects that he considers this kind of impenetrability necessary if he is to give a dynamic rather than a static interpretation of the nature and reality of social change.

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Know your enemy

Y. HARKABI :
Arab Attitudes to Israel
Translated by Misha Louvish.
527pp. £3.95.

ZEEV SCHIFF and RAPHAEL ROTHSTEIN :
Fedayeen
The Story of the Palestinian Guerillas.
252pp. £2.50.
Vallentine, Mitchell.

Arab Attitudes to Israel is the outcome of a doctoral thesis prepared just before the outbreak of the June war, now brought up to date by means of a postscript. Without any doubt it represents the fruits of a vast industry. Thousands of books, pamphlets, newspaper articles, interviews, and radio broadcasts have been studied and extracts from them placed side by side under headings, sub-headings, and sub-sub-headings to build up a composite picture of what "the Arabs" are supposed to think—or at any rate to say—about Israel, Zionism, and the Jews.

It is, however, difficult to know exactly what all this research is meant to add up to. The Israeli audience, for which it was presumably in the first place intended, will be led to the conclusion that nowhere could be found a more ignorant and malevolent lot of people than the enemies all around. Here is chapter and verse for every sort of nonsense, and although at the end of it all General Harkabi recommends that "to understand the Arab attitude, the Israeli must understand what he would do were he an Arab", a predictable reaction from most such readers will be to thank heaven that he is not one.

Well, certainly Arabs speak and write an inordinate lot of nonsense. Certainly they take a uniformly hostile view of the establishment and consolidation of the state of Israel. But lumping together quotations from such very different men as Abbas al-Aqqad, Adbullah Tel, Ahmad Shuqeiri, Walid Khalidi, Abdul Rahman Bazzaz, Nasser, etc, without going into the background or continuity of their ideas is propaganda rather than scholarship. Could it be that a sentence from a book called *Nation Building*, by K. W. Deutsch and W. J. Foltz, quoted by General Harkabi, has a boomerang relevance: "The new state may try to unite its people by focussing animosities and frustrations on some external enemy"?

Fedayeen is another book on Arab acts and attitudes produced from the other side of the hill. Zeev Schiff and Raphael Rothstein derive their knowledge of what the Arabs have been up to largely from newspaper reports, the interrogation of prisoners, and the judgment of Israeli experts. They are not therefore in a position to contribute new facts or original thoughts, and their readers too will be left marvelling at the incompetent rogues with which a patient Israel has to deal. A chapter on the Arabs in Israel and in the occupied territories is called "The Enemy Within", and in a chapter on "Fedayeen in Prison" we get the comforting information that "the excellent medical care, substantial food, and good sanitary conditions of the jails, including abundant hot water, provide most of the Arab prisoners with a higher standard of living than they enjoyed on the outside". It is difficult to see what anyone is worrying about.

Checking on Islam

J. D. PEARSON and ANN WALSH (Compilers) :
Index Islamicus
Third Supplement 1966-1970
384pp. Mansell. £10.

For scholars concerned with any area, any field in the Islamic world, the *Index Islamicus*, a catalogue which lists articles in "periodicals and other collective publications" in English and European languages, is an almost indispensable aid. With the third supplement bringing it down to 1970, this majestic project continues under the direction of J. D. Pearson, aided by the organizational resources as well as the rich holdings of the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London. The name of a younger collaborator, Mrs Ann Walsh, now also appears on the title-page.

Previous volumes listed 41,000 articles, to which about another 7,000 are now added. In the absence of a general index, experience is sometimes needed to find where an item is fitted into the classification (e.g. in the present volume articles on dreams are to be found in "VII, Ethnology, e, Magic"). Nevertheless the coverage of English-language publications is as complete as can be hoped for. In recent years a commendable custom has arisen whereby Islamic scholars whose articles appear in particularly inaccessible or offbeat publications send offprints to the SOAS library which are noted in the *Index*.

If the reader has no more serious occasion to consult it, browsing with the aid of the index of authors will enable him to discover the relative academic fertility and recent preoccupations of old friends, enemies and acquaintances. Except with regard to such areas as North Africa, there is a heavy predominance of articles in English: yet one may be surprised at how small a portion of these are by British scholars or by scholars working in British universities.

Mansell has now taken over the publication of the *Index Islamicus* from Heffer of Cambridge, whose links with Oriental studies grow sadly few. Entries are no longer set in printer's type, but reproduced photographically from typewritten cards. Each page displays several different typewriter faces, with a contrast between heavy and light inking. There are overtyped corrections and occasional keys out of alignment. If the new publishers, even with a price increase of two-thirds over previous volumes, found setting in print uneconomic, it is a pity that they did not have the entries retyped.

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PETER de POLNAY:

The Moon and the Marabou Stork

174pp. Elek. £2.25.

Peter de Polnay is an amiable writer. He could have agonized in this autobiography of his formative years about the death of his mother, the tyranny of his father who told him he was a bastard, and the grimness of childhood. "Educated privately in England, Switzerland and Italy", is all he says about that period in *Who's Who*: and the few pages of his prologue do not protract the traumas. He has a tale to tell and as usual he tells it spankingly.

The slice of his life which he serves us runs from the time when, having misspent a legacy in Cannes, losing his American love at the same rate as his fortune, he went to Kenya, darkest Africa in the true romantic tradition, to the time when he was overtaken in France at the outbreak of the Second World War.

Mr de Polnay grew up between the shadows of two wars. The Kenya in which he found himself in 1931 was peopled by ex-service officers from the First World War—lonely, raffish, alcoholic, stuffy, brave, desperate men and women, who provide the material for instant Somerset Maugham. Mr de Polnay goes over them as efficiently as an electric lawn-mower, with a prose which runs at a constant speed. There is never a fuse. No stone jams the blades. The box is filled and emptied. No one could complain that he has not done exactly what he set out to do. Everything is splendidly readable.

If there is a criticism, it is that Mr de Polnay might have tried to do more: to cultivate his experience rather than harvest it. We are held always at the level of anecdote and reminiscence. Thought, speculation, query and comparison might have made the book more difficult to write and even to read, but more rewarding. He is too modest.

He does not want to bother us too much to bother about him. Perhaps it is that as an autobiographer he is too reticent. We learn about the love life of other people, about women whom he loved in vain and women who loved him in vain. But there is not a suggestion that in the first thirty years of his life, even in amorous Africa and promiscuous Paris, he was not as virtuous as a Richardson heroine. Discretion perhaps has censored. It has also reduced plausibility.

In Kenya Mr de Polnay stayed with a couple, Alan and Constance, as a farmer pupil. Alan went to bed early every evening, while he stayed up with Constance until two every morning, playing classical records, talking about her books, Freud, Huxley and Lawrence. One night Constance suggested that he might write a novel:

> On that night I didn't lie down at once. I pulled a chair up to the table which was beside the window, put the hurricane lamp on it, then looked for paper. All I found was my poultry account book into which I entered the number of eggs I sent to my customers. Only the last four pages were blank. I took a pencil and began to write. A strange excitement gripped me, excitement I hadn't experienced before, and now I know that it was the excitement words alone can give, for words have muscles, likes, dislikes and can give the sensation of drunkenness, euphoria, sadness and even death as they fall on paper. That night I was far from experiencing that, but the excitement sufficed. When I had filled the four pages I lay down, the excitement lay with me, walking in and out of my dreams. In the morning I showed Constance the four pages. She said I should go on, for which I was grateful, though by then I knew that even if she had called it rubbish it would no longer have made any difference to me. Some people's hair goes white overnight. I lay down without a vocation and woke up with one, the same thing the other way round.

If anyone has thought of compiling an anthology of those realizing that they have contracted the *morbus scribendi*—the most exciting event in the life of authors, good or bad—this passage should have a place. It is far more memorable than the image which Mr de Polnay uses to give a unity to this book, the vision of the moon between the beak and breast of a marabou stork.

After four years in Kenya, at the end of which the cattle died of drought and he came to feverish life with his *morbus scribendi*, he returned to Europe and after a stay in Majorca found in Paris, among artists, writers and actors, the mature company to which Constance had given him an amateurish introduction.

In Paris, Mr de Polnay had an unsatisfactory affair with a girl called Isobel, parts of whose character he used to create Connie, [illegible] published novel, *Angry* [illegible]. After the successful [illegible] this novel, she travelled [illegible] sur-Mer to see him in his [illegible] had, he discovered to [illegible] ment, become Connie.

She talked like Connie, [illegible] obviously had not read [illegible] the novel in which Connie [illegible] appear. He took her to [illegible] and when they went back, [illegible] him to her room in [illegible] time. When he knocked [illegible] she was naked in front of [illegible] basin, in an exact reconstruction of the scene in his novel, [illegible] hero had been haunted by [illegible] Casanova would have been [illegible] at this example of life [illegible] and enjoyed the occasion. [illegible] Polnay roared with laughter [illegible] laugh drove Isobel from [illegible] and we never saw each other [illegible].

And that is that. [illegible] about what sort of a [illegible] would have made, stripped [illegible] Connie-ness in bed; or of [illegible] pened to her; or of what [illegible] come when written up [illegible] rence's Frieda. We [illegible] the tall, bald-headed [illegible] had done time for a [illegible] operation. The story is [illegible] but amusing, like most [illegible] Polnay's anecdotes. The [illegible] given in the felicity [illegible] his first, unpublished, [illegible] *maître d'hôtel* who put [illegible] on the coffin of a [illegible].

Steam pioneer

W. P. JOLLY:

Marconi

291pp. Constable. £3.95.

W. P. Jolly has given us an admirable picture of Guglielmo Marconi against a scientific and business background. We could say that the discoveries of Marconi, which began when he was a boy—some ninety years ago—in an attic in the Villa Grifone near Bologna, have boundlessly increased the enjoyment and capacity for knowledge of the human race. As is perhaps true of most great scientific discoveries—Darwin and Wallace illustrate the point—others were on the same track as Marconi: Sir Oliver Lodge in England and Professor Slaby in Germany. But it was unquestionably Marconi who, by his persistence, converted officialdom and, by demonstration, convinced the public.

Although the personality of the man is not perhaps very clearly developed by Professor Jolly it would be true and fair to say that Marconi had vision and—most important of all—the capacity to allow others to share that vision.

He was half-Irish, and someone who attended one of his lectures described him as "a little dry-looking man of thirty-five with nothing Italian about him except his pronunciation of Carlo Alberto" (that was the warship which had been lent to him for experiments by the King of Italy). When he visited the United States the newspapers announced that he had a London accent. He married the daughter of an Irish peer; the marriage was not happy, since he seems to have had something of the outlook of the Italian male towards women. Characteristically, he wrote to his wife when he was working for the Italian government during the war with Turkey: "There is only one woman in the whole place—she is an old Arab." He was perhaps to a small degree a playboy; he wore the ludicrous yachting costume of the day as though he had been Arnold Bennett or Lord Birkenhead—a costume which always betrayed the "flannelled" fool. But these were the frills of the man—the important point was that his character was harnessed to his work.

In the trivialities which still influence too much of our thinking about the past, his name will be for long associated with the Marconi Scandal, which involved Lloyd George and the Isaacs family. For most tastes Professor Jolly gives perhaps too much about the scandal; Marconi himself put the matter in perspective when he said at the public inquiry that the services of his company to the whole nation might "have been deemed worthy of higher consideration" than the reflections which had been cast upon it.

To some it may be a surprise to find that the Isaacs family, which has been rather mercilessly hounded then and since, produced in Godfrey Isaacs a man who showed real gifts as managing director of the company. With touching frankness he tells us from the pages of *Who's Who* that working in his father's fruit business "enabled him to understand the characteristics of the peoples of the Continent" and that in "a busy and active life he had acquired considerable business and financial experience". Facts seem to suggest that these claims were true. But the inventor and his achievements reduce the company and its finances to microscopic importance.

Raymond Lister

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A wide-ranging study by the author of *William Blake* — "a more vivid picture of Blake than any biography since Gilchrist" *Times Lit. Supplement* — who examines several themes which have rarely been looked at as a whole: the antiquarian movement and the reverence for science and industry, for instance. David Piper: "Few writers could have covered so much ground with such certainty of knowledge and clarity of expression."

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Under the Greek flag

WILLI FRISCHAUER:

Millionaires' Islands

221pp. Michael Joseph. £3.50.

Willi Frischauer has followed up his study of Aristotle Onassis with a further excursion in the same area, and except that *Millionaires' Islands* is not embellished with a photograph of Jackie in the nude he will not disappoint the expectations raised by his former volume. We dive in with a series of parties given in Athens when the Greek Government decided to woo the Greek shipowners back to the Greek flag:

> At the Athens Hilton I was once more engulfed in a sea of nautical magnates when Minos and Joseph Colotronis threw a party for which the Aegean seemed to have given up most of its lobsters and the Champagne some of its finest vintages. The multi-lingual conversation was deceptively casual and the social mating of builders and owners was bound to produce thousands of tons of shipping.
>
> The scene shifts to yet another party this time at a magnificent apartment high up on the Lycabitou facing the majestic Acropolis at window level. . . . The tables were groaning under plates of octopus and prawns and every culinary delicacy. . . . The Meissen plates off which we supped, the heavy silver cutlery, the crystal classes [sic] and the old masters on the walls, the half dozen waiters who served the food and poured the wine. Next morning while the tourists flocked to the ruins of ancient Greek temples, I went sight seeing among the cathedrals of the contemporary Greek gods who answer to the names of Lemos, Livanos, Goulandris or Onassis and Niarchos.

Nor is all this grandeur limited to the men in the family:

> The undisputed queen of Greek shipping, Maria Goulandris lives up to her status. A popular hostess whose main base is an apartment in Fifth Avenue, New York, she is a founder member of the jet set making the rounds of Miami, Paris, London and Nassau, particularly Nassau, where her parties at Lyford Cay attract the upper crust of the beautiful people.

An American lady, Doris Lilly, author of *Those Fabulous Greeks*, got the Goulandris all mixed up and credited John Goulandris with only three sons and even those in the wrong order. Imagine anything so silly! The truth as promulgated by Mr Frischauer is more subtle.

The Goulandris family could not hope to escape attention for long, if only because their luxury yachts which dot the oceans like diamonds in a vast emerald setting. . . . If it was not the Triaina (owner John A. Goulandris) it was the Anemos (Alexander N. Goulandris) the Paloma (Basil P. Goulandris) or the Vagrant (Nicholas P. Goulandris).

Mr Frischauer gives his readers the guidance they need to avoid the social solecisms of confusing one Goulandris yacht with another or the five contemporary Johns with each other.

Nor should it be thought that Mr Frischauer records only sunny hours. He devotes a whole chapter to the death of Eugenie Niarchos and the judicial inquiry that stemmed from it; also the lawsuit between Ari Onassis and Panaghis Vergottis over whether Madame Callas was entitled, as she claimed, to a controlling interest in the good ship Artemision is likewise discussed.

In truth there is nothing in these pages that has previously been withheld from public domain, but the research has been within this limitation reasonably thorough, although Mr Frischauer does not appear to be fluent in Modern Greek [illegible] than critical attitude to [illegible] he portrays, and especially [illegible] younger members, there [illegible] able reminder of the [illegible] saying—"so young and [illegible] Rothschild"—but any [illegible] favouritism is dispelled [illegible] the family photographs [illegible] assembled. Clean-shaven [illegible] blue-chinned, the old [illegible] out of their blue suits, [illegible] collars and dark ties [illegible] world as if they were [illegible] old comrades reunion [illegible] rather than gathering [illegible] Mariner's Rest (the corner [illegible] Street and Brook Street [illegible] referred to by Mr [illegible] awed italics as *Claridges*).

If they no longer [illegible] to knock out the [illegible] clay pipes on their [illegible] sitting down to a meal, [illegible] them have direct experience [illegible] mercial as well as [illegible] and they are near enough [illegible] them to remember their [illegible] ancestors, who sailed [illegible] from the small Aegean [illegible] this small book's title.

Not a good war

BRYHER:

The Days of Mars
A Memoir, 1940-1946

190pp. Calder and Boyars. £2.50.

Like many other expatriates, Winifred Bryher, the novelist, who for years had lived in Switzerland, came back to England in 1940, moved by the imperative if irrational idea that she must see the war out with her friends in bombed London. If rationality were the criterion of judgment, it was not, perhaps, a particularly wise idea. On her own assessment, Bryher did not have "a good war". Britain had not listened to the warnings which, from her vantage-point on Lake Geneva, she had been giving since 1932—true, Britain had not listened to Churchill either, but that was a poor consolation—and now the Establishment seemed to have no suitable job for a "trained observer of European politics", who had "various *tuyaux* abroad", spoke French and German fluently and had brought a recommendation from the consul at Montreux. Her friends, who were chiefly literary, and included the poet H.D., who was the author's cousin, and Edith and Osbert Sitwell, refused to listen to her when she explained how much better things [illegible] aged in Switzerland; [illegible] system in England was [illegible] and "unfair" (to whom [illegible]) "spasmodic Victory [illegible]" were "not rejoicings at [illegible] was bad temper and [illegible] everywhere."

To smile is easy, but [illegible] be unjust as well as [illegible] Bryher's misfortune [illegible] matched with the [illegible] that fact, she is to be [illegible] having given an honest [illegible] one individual's, rather [illegible] war, during which she [illegible] work in helping to [illegible] *Letters Today*, running [illegible] a well-merited tribute [illegible] which the two [illegible] (Sacheverell was in the [illegible]) to art and artists when [illegible] the times put both at [illegible] single paragraph, she [illegible] ing understanding of the [illegible] of looting.

For a writer with so [illegible] of history, Bryher is [illegible] dates. Since she was [illegible] she was not eighteen [illegible] years younger than [illegible] she so rightly and so [illegible] admires. And though [illegible] felt like it, the Second [illegible] did not last [illegible].

Poland's guide

ANTONY POLONSKY:

Politics in Independent Poland 1921-1939

[illegible]pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £7.

Antony Polonsky has written a parliamentary history of the prewar Polish Republic. Social and economic factors are also dealt with, but at no great length and rather perfunctorily. Mr Polonsky's main subject is politics. Within this field—it is after all a very wide field—his account is excellent. It is based on a thorough understanding of the Polish background and a careful examination of Polish sources.

It is inevitable that much attention should be focused on Pilsudski. Mr Polonsky does not spare him. Pilsudski saw the weaknesses in the parliamentary system; he did not wish to abolish parliamentary government but rather to give it a new direction. "My programme", he said, "is the diminution of robbery and the pursuit of the path of honesty." His "moral" dictatorship—a later generation would have called it "guided" democracy—was not successful. To some extent the fault was his own. He treated parliament and the parliamentarians much as a general of Poland would treat a subaltern. After the coup d'état of 1926 it was expected that he would become president. He was indeed elected but refused to serve, thus deliberately damaging the institution he sought to reform.

The Pilsudskists, his former comrades-in-arms in the Polish Military Organization and in the Legions, were another liability. Lucrative posts had to be found for many of them, and the result was the flooding of state institutions by army officers. Colonel Beck, to take the best-known of them, was at the Foreign Office as Under Secretary and later as Minister from 1930 to 1939. By 1935 twelve of the seventeen provincial governors were officers. Three of the major banks had officers as their chairmen. The military spoils system did not spare the government. In one of Colonel Slawek's governments nine of the fifteen ministers were officers.

Yet all these officers did not manage to produce a well-armed and efficient army. Again Pilsudski was much to blame. His military thinking looked back to the Russo-Polish war. He resisted plans to motorize the cavalry, he regarded the air force as auxiliary to land forces, and he entirely omitted anti-aircraft defence. Mr Polonsky might have added that neither Pilsudski nor indeed all his senior officers were professional soldiers. Their aim was the moral regeneration of the nation and of its army, and they considered morale more important than weapons.

Pilsudski died in 1935. In the last years of his life he had withdrawn much from political life. He suffered from serious illnesses, became cantankerous and engaged in occult psychic experiments. Yet his death was a catastrophe for the colonels who succeeded him. They had lost both their leader and their ideology. Mr Polonsky is critical of the foreign policy of Beck, and it can be plausibly argued that a Polish state without the colonels and without Pilsudski would have avoided the kind of traps that Hitler set for it.

It would, however, be wrong to stress only the failures and the mistakes, and Mr Polonsky certainly does not do so. A particularly notable success was the social, economic and administrative union of the parts of Poland which had been torn asunder by the partitions.

Switzerland

JAMES BUNTING

For the discerning traveller this is an excellent detailed introduction to the beautiful and unique country of Switzerland. Not only does the author give essential background to all the most popular towns and villages but he also gives much information that few tourists would pick up: out-of-the-way hamlets, quiet hotels, where to walk, eat or stay. He also covers Liechtenstein.

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Raj and Russkies

PIERCE G. FREDERICKS:

The Sepoy and the Cossack

279pp. W. H. Allen. £2.75.

It is rare to find a serious historical study written so engagingly that it is as easy to read as a good novel. Pierce Fredericks has set out in detail the story of the shadow-boxing between Britain and Russia during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—shadow-boxing in which the protagonists never came to real blows with one another and yet at the same time found themselves involved in quite serious fighting with the tribal peoples of what was to be Russian Central Asia in the west and Afghanistan in the east. The narrative is based on Russian as well as British sources, and is by far the best as well as the liveliest account available to the non-specialist reader.

American writers are not always sympathetic either to the aims or to the actions of the former British Raj in India; but Mr Fredericks has made a successful effort to paint a fair picture, even though it includes warts and all. But what makes this book a joy to read are the intimate glimpses of the people involved, as described by their own contemporaries. Many have been taken from little-known sources uncovered by Mr Fredericks's diligence. For example, Lady Emily Eden's description of Maharaja "Runjeet Singh" as an "old mouse with grey whiskers" is familiar; but far less well-known is the sequel to her presentation to him of a protrait of Queen Victoria painted by herself. She admitted that it was not a very good likeness, but she relied on the fact that the Sikhs were probably not familiar with the Queen's appearance, and anyway she had got the dress right from descriptions in the English papers. The Maharaja studied the painting for five minutes, to the great gratification of Lady Emily; but Mr Fredericks has unearthed the comment of an officer who was present: "I do not think he quite understood, but seemed to think that her Majesty made a very decent Nautch girl." The portraits of British Viceroys, Secretaries of State, and Prime Ministers—again taken from contemporary sources—are as lively as those of the soldiers, civil servants and political officers; and, what is equally important, they clearly illuminate the issues with which the narrative is dealing.

Mr Fredericks has written a book which will be read with equal pleasure and profit in his own country and in Britain, and has carefully made his way through the jungle of Oriental and Western proper names and titles—even though he does refer to Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck as "Sir William". This quite brilliant account of the "war that never was" is fittingly concluded by Mr Fredericks's wry remark that in Kabul today the cement factory is the product of a Russian aid programme, the airfield the product of an American one.

Loom service

ALFRED PLUMMER:

The London Weavers' Company 1600-1970

476pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £8.

It is true, if unkind, to say that the outstanding characteristic of too many of the older histories of the London Companies has been a solid dullness, a quality resulting from an excess of trivia employed to elaborate the unremarkable. Too often, also, the tedious minutiae of company affairs have been chronicled against a dimly-observed and static background.

The London Weavers' Company 1600-1970 avoids these defects most admirably. There is indeed a lot of detail, but most of it is used to bring out significant points, not merely about the company but on the wider history of the period. Alfred Plummer, the company's honorary librarian, has been fortunate in the survival of the records, and he makes the most of the opportunity of deploying his researches to discuss the swarming metropolis and the changing nature of the trade which together form the arena for his story.

This account of the Weavers' Company in modern times thus illuminates a more general social history. Of course, Mr Plummer has much to say on the intimate detail of the company itself—its changing membership, organization and functions, and the degree of success experienced in attempting to enforce its quite limited powers over the London weavers at large. All this is attractively told and serves a broader historical purpose. We have figures for the distribution of weavers in the London liberties and suburbs, and for the social and geographical origins of the apprentices, figures which give some useful information about migration patterns. Even the petty offences brought to the company's attention have their interest: in answer to some apprentices' complaint a master was ordered to provide clean sheets every month (in line with the practice at Bridewell), while other masters were prosecuted for giving "extraordinary correction" by beating with a faggot stick or horsewhip, and for not providing sufficient clothing, an apprentice's shoes having "great holes through the soles . . . whereby his health is much endangered".

These were the familiar difficulties of regulating a trade which was easily entered, and which soon expanded into large areas of Southwark, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Shoreditch and Whitechapel. The incursion of Huguenot and other foreign craftsmen added to the numerous London weavers who chose to ignore the company and its rules. Further problems arose over the introduction of labour-saving "engine looms" and the alarming riots to which these machines gave rise: for three days in August 1675 a mob of weavers rampaged through East London breaking into houses and burning the offending looms. The new machine was eventually established, however, and some London silk weavers took to another innovation, the stocking-frame of William Lee, who at one time applied for admission to the company. Early in the next century the weavers were incensed by the new fashion of wearing imported Indian cloths, an obvious threat to the position of their own silks, worsted stuffs, says, and perpetuanas. The "Calico Madams", ladies so bold as to sport the new cloths in the weavers' home districts, received rough treatment, and a number had their gowns torn off their backs or damaged by the acid flung at them.

In these various developments the company adopted a somewhat passive if prudent stance. The "search of the trade" for unadmitted weavers, irregular apprentices, and other infringements was finally abandoned in 1736. True, the company used its influence to try to pacify rioters, hired the able pen of Daniel Defoe to attack the import of calicoes, and brought occasional prosecutions against the wearers of imported cloths when their use was prohibited by the Act of 1722. But it lacked the resources—though ancient, it was never one of the wealthiest companies—to play a thoroughly effective role. Much of the protection which weavers gained from Parliament—for example, the Spitalfields Acts regulating their wages—resulted in large part from the craftsmen's own initiative.

Eventually the company had but little of a trade left to regulate. With the growth of silk production outside London and the eventual adoption of free trade, Spitalfields fell into a decline which by the 1830s had gone far. Yet a few clung on. In 1914 a remnant of 114 hand-loom weavers still worked in Bethnal Green, and some twenty years later the company's records refer to a surviving handful, ten or eleven elderly hands at the last of the looms.

Mr Plummer has produced much more than a company history. He has made that history a base from which to examine the vicissitudes of a complex group of crafts and, incidentally, the life of the capital city itself. [illegible]

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THE TIMES

T·L·S

72nd Year 23 February 1973 No. 3,703

Viewpoint

BY JOHN WILLETT

When I first visited the United States a few years ago three things impressed me very strongly. The first was the total architectural anarchy of Manhattan: never before had I been among buildings, old or new, beautiful or ugly, each of which had been designed with utter disregard of every other building around. It gives one a very odd feeling, and I still don't like it. The second, which is not unrelated, was the rarity of any kind of public housing: you only had to look at the New York buildings to see that the place's ethos was free enterprise and the weakest go to the wall. In a civilized society this seemed startling, to say the least. Then there was also the sense which I had in that city that society was far more loosely bound together than we are used to in Europe: that, just as Holland survives only by its continual ingenious battle against the sea, so the United States must depend on incessant pressures to keep its immensely variegated population from falling apart. (And of course there weren't only three things, because, come to think of it, I was likewise taken aback by the dirt and scruffiness in the streets, which led me to see London with new eyes on getting home, together with the striking inadequacy of institutions which in Europe we tend to take for granted, like public transport and the mails.)

* * *

Even so, now, after three months on the opposite coast, I am still surprised to find how foreign I am in many ways. The first sign of this for me was meeting Indian and Zambian students at the institute where I teach and instantly feeling at home with them; I don't think this is simply colonial nostalgia, though the shared educational tradition in which it is rooted was the product of British rule. Then we ran into a family of Turks running a Los Angeles shop, and again found that we had certain un-American traits in common. Largely as a result of these two unexpected encounters, I started musing on the factors which somehow link us English (Welsh, Scots, Irish) at once with the other end of Europe and still more distant peoples—Asians and Africans, not to mention Antipodeans—while differentiating us significantly from the United States. I think they are important, both as a corrective to the popular assumption in our country that the Americans know how to do most things better than ourselves, and as a clue to our possible function in the modern world. Indeed, the very fact that we have links of this kind is a starting-point for, whatever the symptoms of racialism in parts of our country today, and however bad certain aspects of our colonial record in the past, we, like the French, are far from experiencing that complete separation from the Blacks which one feels in New York.

What strikes one as lacking on the American side of the world is spontaneous consideration for other people. There is a tremendous conventional matiness—nice as it is, for instance, to be wished "have a good weekend" by your bank, it is slightly less so if you have just heard the same wish, in exactly the same synthetic tone of voice, expressed to the previous six customers—subordinates, however, are not always very amiably treated: too many office workers are unprepared to go out of their way to be helpful; while the matrimonial breakages for which the country has long been famous are much less cheerfully or humanely executed than the naive European would expect. The effect of this kind of thoughtless individualism (which is not inconsistent with great generosity in other matters) is a frequent waste of time and effort, together with an accumulation of personal tragedy which seems to hang over some of the most beautiful parts of Los Angeles like smog.

* * *

And yet America is a conformist society—much more so than ours, with its po-faced eccentricities and tolerance of exceptions—in a way that surely hampers individualism of a constructive sort. The schools are positively alarming: so much display of the flag, so much lining up, copying down, and apparently universal PT, to say nothing of the time that must be wasted on all that drum-majorette business. Hierarchy too seems to count for a good deal more than in our own supposedly class-ridden and stick-in-the-mud society; this applies not only in academic life, where the system of tenure creates a yawning gap between bright junior dons and their immovable seniors, but likewise in a sphere such as engineering, where it is apparently rarer than in England to find younger men being given real responsibility. Much of this tallies with what I remember of the wartime American army, where the lack of elasticity was often amazing and the principles of promotion impossible to understand.

In noting such points I am anxious not so much to run down my present hosts and neighbours as to cheer up our countrymen, who lost their old smug self-confidence some twenty-five years ago and have never found much to replace it. What I'm saying is one-sided and wildly unscientific, but I am finding now that the experience of an unfamiliar, geographically remote country makes one look at our own problems with a fresh eye; indeed, that it has the same sort of effect as the Second World War in making one try to simplify them and see them as a whole, even if doing so makes one a fool in the eyes of the pragmatists.

The boot of course, is by no means all on one foot; the courage as well as the decency of the liberal forces in the United States are exemplary—I see so much evidence of these that it is not always easy to remember that they are not actually governing the country; there is a far stronger awareness than in Europe that the human race is making a mess of things; yet there is less fretfulness and flap. But even the usual comparisons to our disadvantage turn out to be less simple than we are apt to assume. For instance, sad though it is to see British manufactures breaking down (or, almost as bad, being bought for totally unpractical snob value), American domestic life is full of gimcrack jobs scarcely above a do-it-yourself level of competence. The famous know-how of this technological Mecca is not flawless: it succeeds wonderfully where it depends on using larger machines and greater numbers of men (and paying these better) than we would do, but there is not all that much economy and elegance of design, while any work relying on the individual's skill and speed is liable to be quite amazingly badly done.

* * *

In other words, there are technological advantages in thinking big—which, of course, is a habit in the American part of the world: look at the size of the toys in the shop windows or the equipment of the institute where I am working—and I suppose that Europe may come in time to acquire them. But thought, design, research, workmanship spring not from large and well-integrated, physically fit teams but from single people or very small groups, and nothing else is any use without them. Here, and in the underlying educational and artisanal traditions in which such people develop, countries like England, France, Italy still have great resources, which are not being fully used, thanks partly to bad direction at the top no doubt, but above all to disillusionment on the individual's part. The great problem for us, then, today is to get rid of the causes of that boredom and frustration which stop the individual working to the top of his ability, whether he be a mechanic or a scholar. And this is something that cannot be learnt from studying the very different situation in America, but has to be done by re-thinking the whole relationship between man and his work in terms of our own people and their background. Know-how calls first of all for know-why and know-what.

Maybe we in England have not got the balance between individualism and collectivity right, and certainly our system is full of time-wasting checks and brakes and awkward compromises. But I am sure that those conservatives who unqualifiedly admire the American solution are wrong: that they see only the lovely gardens and lukewarm swimming pools of the Los Angeles houses without noticing the ghastly mess of rubbish-bins, empty bottles and broken furniture round at the back or the sad marital quarrel going on inside. In particular I think that they are criminally short-sighted in wanting to extend the principles (or "philosophy", as they misname it) of free enterprise into areas where they can be seen to work very badly. I don't mean matrimony, in which conservatives may well believe more firmly than most, but such fields as railways, buses and communications of all sorts.

One of the traumatic experiences, indeed, of being in America is listening to radio and television, which are so soggy with advertising, often of great silliness and incompetence, that scarcely anything worthwhile seeps through. It is far worse than I expected; in any programme except some kinds of sport (where the ads are efficiently superimposed or woven in) there are continual interruptions for "words" or "messages"—the thing the medium is, I suppose—leaving the programme proper ham-fistedly truncated. As a result the fodder provided is mostly wretched; there are dozens of competing television channels, for instance, but you can switch from one to another round the dial and find much the same thing going on on all of them: old films, Disneyesque cartoons, talks about God or money, studio comedies with easily pleased audiences, and of course ads, ads, ads. Admittedly there are uncommercial exceptions, like radio KPFK, but on a car radio (which cannot get these) I have yet to hear a piece of serious music more than three minutes long. To restrict the best broadcasting service in the world in favour of this kind of enterprise would in my view be mad.

* * *

Old and crochety as we are in our damp islands, in short, we still have advantages which intelli[...] cans envy us, and which [...] be able to build on both in [...] new European set-up and [...] relations with the ex-Com[...] and generally with person[...] differently from our own [...] pink. We are a relatively [...] people, for a start; we ha[...] the hard way that it pays t[...] ful and not too rigid; our [...] ness, whatever its limitation[...] no means less in evidence [...] of our system than at its b[...] police—one should never fo[...] —are generally unarmed an[...] used in a political clash get [...] as hurt as their opponents; [...] work a public service with [...] and even brilliance, at least [...] user's point of view; the gre[...] the accountants as they n[...] figures should not make [...] the non-quantifiable benef[...] volved. We may be hampered [...] class system and the new [...] which it has left behind it, b[...] largely disappeared in som[...] (e g, among scientists) and it [...] way never stopped the advan[...] of gifted and determined ch[...] from the ranks.

Our judges don't hang peo[...] dentists don't advertise; [...] reasonably well read, [...] there is a world elsewhere [...] smattering of history, [...] agreements without being [...] into unanimity, and still [...] to absorb newcomers witho[...] our coherence.

All these are assets whi[...] too easily overlook as they [...] the country's economic [...] observe the younger financ[...] rich-quick evasion of these, [...] bog down in the minor frus[...] of English life. Perhaps if [...] them in mind more we migh[...] bit more cheerful about our [...] the world.

But perhaps, too, you hav[...] to get outside the trees to [...] wood. My advice then is Go [...] Young Man. You will lea[...] thing about your insularity.

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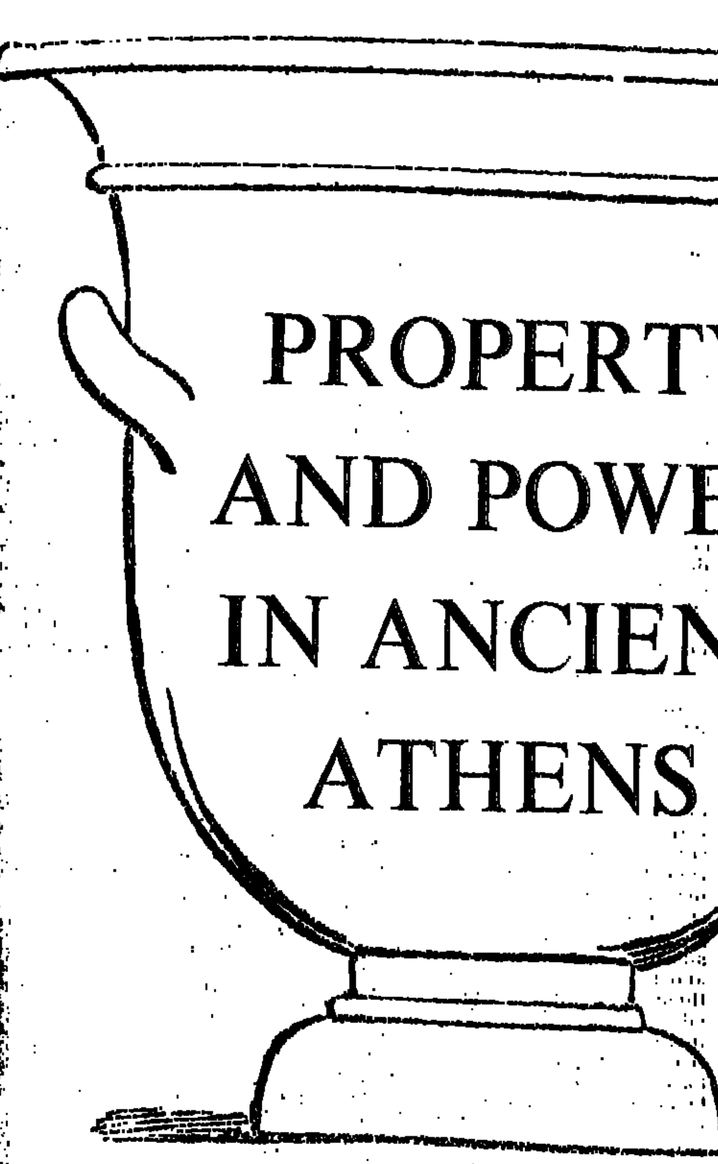

PROPERTY AND POWER IN ANCIENT ATHENS

C. M. BOWRA:
Periclean Athens
303pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.50.

J. K. DAVIES:
Athenian Propertied Families 600-300 BC
653pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £7.50.

P. J. RHODES:
The Athenian Boule
351pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £7.50.

[...] STRUCTURE OF classical scho[lars]hip is not only complex and [wi]de-ranging—as befits a disci[pline w]hich embraces every aspect [of two m]ajor civilizations—but con[tains an] unusual number of inter[depende]nt levels. The textual critic [and the] philosopher cannot do with[out one] another, as that remarkable [...] *Die Fragmente der Vor[sokrati]ker* makes abundantly clear. [...]s of literature regularly find [themsel]ves relying, for background, [on the o]biter dicta of ancient his[torians; ...] experts in matters epi[graphic]al or numismatic are a law [unto th]emselves. Though the classi[cist ha]s long aimed at producing [...] *complet*, equally at home [in all b]ranches of learning, equally [at ease] with every facet of antiquity, [one may] legitimately doubt whether [any scho]lar since Wilamowitz could [...] indeed would want to claim, [such o]mnicompetence. Accumulation [of evi]dence, especially in the [archaeo]logical and papyrological [fields, h]as been matched by increas[ingly na]rrow specialization.

[...] in a very real sense the [...]t stands, more and more, at [the mer]cy of his own professional [colleagu]es. The old picture of classi[cal sch]olarship—a Porson or a [...]n (themselves, in their own [way,] remote from aesthetics) [laying] the solid foundations on [which] *littérateurs*, an inferior [breed,] could build—needs some [modifica]tion. In a crude sense it [is still] true that works such as [those b]y R. J. Rhodes and J. K. [Davies (]themselves greatly in debt [to scho]lars like Busolt, Lipsius, Kahr[stedt, T]oepffer and Kirchner) pro[vide] the backbone for any [broad] general synthesis: the [late Sir] Maurice Bowra's *Periclean [Athens]*, a smooth if overly senti[mental s]urvey (and certainly not the [work by] which that much lamented [scholar and] charmer should be judged), [makes] throughout the fundamen[tal co]operative nature of classical [scholars]hip. Exponents of *haute [vulgarisa]tion* (or *basse*) *vulgarisa[tion]* [are] not the only ones who have [to take] on trust. The debts—and [...]—go deeper than is always [admit]ted.

[The sp]ecialist's instinctive tend[ency] to despise all synthesizers [ca]lls in question the ultimate [aim] and purpose of scholarship. [...] bricks for, if not to create [...]? Why labour to reconstr[uct a t]ext when the end-product is [...]th the reading (an Honest [...] which must, surely, have [...] on some recent editors of [...]r)? What, in the larger [...]s the end of the whole [...]ous business? "If you [...] Aeschylus to Manilius", [...] his colleague Arthur Platt, "you are not a true scholar; you must be deeply tainted with literature." Ironic or not, that remark sums up a recognizable, if now scarcely defensible, attitude.

Happily, such an arid pose is today far less popular, even among the elite, than it once was—and, as the books by Dr Rhodes and Dr Davies make abundantly clear, scholarly standards have by no means suffered as a result. If the authors were asked why they had laboured with such minute precision to illuminate the politics, civic institutions, and social life of fifth-century Athens, they would (it seems safe to assume) reply that their aim had been, not simply to increase the sum of knowledge per se, but also to provide useful and, one hopes, durable instruments of research for other students in the field. Here, indeed, they have both been eminently successful. No one interested in the basic functioning of Greek democratic institutions will be able to ignore *The Athenian Boule*, which seems likely to become the standard work on this controversial topic (however good Roger Alain de Laix's forthcoming *Probouleusis at Athens* may prove, it is unlikely to better Dr Rhodes's exhaustive examination of the evidence); while historians and others, who have long wished for an updated version of Kirchner's *Prosopographia Attica*, now more than half a century old, will find *Athenian Propertied Families* an indispensable reference work when studying those individuals who served, or controlled, the Athenian democracy in its halcyon days.

Yet—to return to an earlier point—even research at this solid and fundamental level must depend (perhaps more than is generally conceded) on trust in the work of others. Several instances of the difficulties thus produced can be drawn from these two books. What, for example, is a young scholar to do when pundits fall out, as Professor Meritt and Professor Pritchett have done over the Athenian archontic and bouleutic calendars—a subject of such speculative intricacy that perhaps no more than half-a-dozen scholars in the world are qualified to pronounce on it? Dr Rhodes makes a valiant attempt to bring an independent judgment to the evidence; but calendarical minutiae are, patently, not quite his thing. He is much happier when the experts are in agreement; one can almost hear the sigh of relief as he writes: "Hellenistic dates have been taken over uncritically from Pritchett and Meritt, *The Chronology of Hellenistic Athens*, and Meritt, *The Athenian Year*."

Dr Davies, with a brisk show of confidence, claims that "Solon's birth can be dated with a surprisingly high degree of accuracy": *surprisingly* is the right word. This statement hangs on the doubtful assurance that Solon's archonship can be firmly pegged to 594/3, a view which three successive articles in *Arethusa* by that redoubtable chronologist Mollie Miller have (to say the least) shaken severely. Once the linchpin of his argument is thus loosened, if not removed, it is remarkable how flimsy the rest of Dr Davies's evidence for dating Solon begins to look. The trouble, of course, is that chronology, like so many other ancillary disciplines in the classics, has become a highly specialized preserve. Here, as elsewhere, the temptation to accept current expert evaluations is more or less irresistible, since revision calls for at least equal knowledge, and—if it is to gain a point—superior judgment. In these books, fortunately, such situations remain comparatively rare: both scholars show a consistent, and enviable, control over their technically challenging evidence.

In each case, too, current historiographical trends (as manifested not by classicists alone, but by historians at large during the past few decades) have been followed, and developed, with uncommon fidelity. The methods which Lewis Namier expounded in his studies of the eighteenth century, and scholars such as Münzer and Gelzer (the latter recently granted the seal of Anglo-American approval by a belated translation of his best-known work) used for analysing the class-structure of ancient Roman society, are now being applied, with methodical perseverance, to the less well documented, but even more important, institutions of fifth-century Athens. Namier's evocative phrase "the structure of politics" well describes what Dr Davies and Dr Rhodes have each, from a somewhat different angle, been striving to illuminate. *The Athenian Boule* examines the Council (*boule*) whose main function was to prepare agenda for the Athenian Assembly (*ekklesia*). Four main chapters discuss the Council's membership and organization, its legislative powers, its range of administration, and its judicial functions. One brief concluding section presents the linear historical survey which can be extrapolated from this fundamentally structural analysis.

Dr Davies takes the process one step further: after a brief if stimulating introduction, his entire book (apart from a check-list, several indexes, and numerous valuable genealogical tables) is taken up by a prosopographical register of some 779 wealthy individuals who lived in Athens during the sixth, fifth, or fourth centuries. "This is not yet the time", he writes modestly, "to attempt that major desideratum, a social and economic history of classical Athens." What *Athenian Propertied Families* offers instead is "a corpus of evidence on one limited aspect of the subject", a rich quarry for future students, and an indispensable historian's vade mecum. That in itself is no slight achievement.

The Athenian Boule forms a more ambitious undertaking, and perhaps, all in all, a more strikingly successful one. (Where the two books overlap, they tend to be in agreement: Dr Rhodes, for instance, concedes that a majority of councillors, or *bouleutae*, would be drawn from the propertied classes, and the idea of "property-power" is never lost sight of for long by either scholar.) Again and again, Dr Rhodes displays sane judgment based on thorough examination of the evidence. One is relieved to see that he believes in the existence of Solon's Council of Four Hundred, which the late C. Hignett did his ingenious best to prove a myth; the statement that the Council of 501/0 "was the first to take the bouleutic oath because it was the first boule in which the demes and the tribes were represented as Cleisthenes planned" has solid common sense as well as historical probability behind it. Dr Rhodes's insistence that Ephialtes's reforms of the Areopagus mark a fundamental turning-point in the council's development is equally convincing.

Fewer scholars, perhaps, will go all the way with his claim (against scholars such as Gomme) that the council neither lost nor unduly augmented its powers in the late fifth and early fourth centuries. In general, however, he draws a highly plausible picture of the Council's evolution, especially from Cleisthenes's day onwards, when our evidence becomes somewhat firmer: a situation in which "five hundred men devoted one year to the work which could not be done by an assembly of thousands, but still had to be done".

As well as preparing agenda for the Assembly, the council heard judicial charges (*eisangeliae*) of public importance, scrutinized magistrates' accounts, checked the citizen-rolls, dealt with foreign envoys, kept a watchful eye on public finances, "and discussed every matter which might be the subject of a decree of the assembly". All these functions, and others, Dr Rhodes examines in detail, adding for good measure tables listing all known "probouleutic" and other decrees of the council.

Towards the latter half of the fourth century we find a tendency (not unlike that in modern scholarship) to pay increasing attention to experts, particularly over matters of finance. As Dr Rhodes says, "by placing greater faith in specialists, the boule and ecclesia were together, in the interests of more efficient administration, withholding some of their constitutional power". From Alexander's day onwards we see a slow, progressive erosion of true civic independence; the outward forms and offices were retained, but in the end became no more than an empty traditional shell. Let Dr Rhodes have the last word: "As a city of the Roman Empire Athens retained her traditional organs of government, including the boule, but there was no longer much government to occupy them."

What of the individuals who served as councillors and magistrates, who proposed and ratified the motions listed by Dr Rhodes, who took on the somewhat ramshackle machinery of Athenian democratic government, and, against all the odds, made it work? Here

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Athenian Propertied Families is a mine of useful information. Every scholar will at once turn to the biographical notice of his choice—Pericles, Alcibiades, Peisistratus, Cimon, Themistocles—and on each occasion he will find that Dr Davies has done rather better than one has any right to expect; his study of the famous (or notorious) Alcmeonid family is particularly acute. He comments on the "almost complete absence from the political scene after 480 of descendants of the family in the male line" (a fact not normally remarked by historians), and suggests, convincingly, that its members never got over their ill-timed pro-Persian stand at the time of the Persian Wars, followed by several ostracisms thereafter: "By 470, if not before, the family was politically bankrupt."

Similar nuggets can be mined by an attentive reader throughout Dr Davies's 650-odd pages, and constitute—together with some remarkably subtle genealogical filiation-work—the chief and abiding merit of his researches. As he observes apropos the characters listed here: "If anybody wielded property-power, it was they. That so many of them are generals and politicians tells us something about Athenian society; that so many of them are *private* or nonentities tells us something too." Absences (a point not made by Dr Davies) can be equally revealing: no major poets or artists, for instance, except Praxiteles—proof, if proof were needed, that in the field of creative endeavour fame has to be its own reward. Whatever influence men like Aeschylus, Socrates, Pheidias, or (more surprisingly) Sophocles wielded, it was not won or exercised through property-power.

This may well prompt us to ask just what constitutes Dr Davies's criterion for inclusion in his register: the answer is, quite simply, capital. This in itself is an unexceptionable decision. As he correctly remarks, "the influence wielded on public affairs in classical Athens by the deployment of personal wealth—in a word, property power—cannot at any time be dismissed as negligible". Military, oratorical, or administrative success could be achieved by the talented individual; what Dr Davies is after is, rather, the "endowed family". Fair enough. As a general rule he defines adequate "endowment" in terms of the ability to perform those special duties known as "liturgies", aptly described here as "taxation-cum-personal service", and incumbent on all wealthy Athenians, which "required a rich citizen to act, for example, as impresario and financier of a dramatic or choral production (choregia), to train and maintain a team of relay runners (gymnasiarchy), to commission and command a warship for a year (trierarchy), or to advance money to the State on behalf of a group of taxpayers (proeisphora)".

As Dr Davies himself says, "economically, the choice of this criterion needs little defence"—or would not, did he not regard it as a yardstick for "defining membership of *the Athenian upper class*" (our italics). This, surely, is a horse of a very different colour. Solon may have substituted property for blood when delimiting eligibility for political office, but he scarcely abolished the Athenian aristocracy in the process. Though it is true (a point well illustrated by Dr Davies's first comprehensive genealogical chart) that most members of the Athenian upper classes did in fact qualify for the property power classification, the two groups were very far from identical, and indeed rested on wholly different assumptions—a distinction most clearly brought out by those two non-Athenian poets Theognis and Pindar. There could be, and were, plebeian millionaires (e.g. Pasion the banker, one of Dr Davies's most fascinating entries); equally, there could be indigent aristocrats. This latter category seems to have bothered Dr Davies, and small wonder: when discussing the Peisistratids, or the family of Solon, Critias and Plato, even he shows uneasy awareness that his criterion is something less than perfect.

This blurring of Athens's all-important social (as opposed to financial) distinctions is especially regrettable since it was, in fact, precisely the democratization of office charted by Dr Rhodes which drove upper-class Athenians to compensate for their loss of privilege "by deploying their assets in the active and artful build-up of a political investment in goodwill". This last phrase, ironically enough, is Dr Davies's own: as Marxists would say, he has, here if nowhere else, got himself involved in a contradiction. Luckily, the intrinsic value of his research suffers little as a result: the mere assertion is amply contradicted by the evidence, and in an even more conclusive and striking fashion by his own genealogical charts. *Athenian Propertied Families* remains a solid and lasting addition to classical scholarship, of which its author may well be proud.

Since each of these books fills so outstanding a gap in the accessible scholarship on a crucial period of Greek history, it is perhaps worth pointing out that the first instance, as Oxford doctoral theses. Now dissertations, especially those by classicists, are not commonly noted for their central relevance to key topics: they rather tend—as any reader of *Dissertation Abstracts* or similar publications will be well aware—towards the exotic and the peripheral. The mood is Alexandrian, if not Byzantine.

Here, perhaps, we have one reason for the prevalence of that popular (though wholly fallacious) article of faith which proclaims classics as a "worked-out field" for any would-be researcher. Scholars in the game themselves, who still have to make do without decent modern commentaries on half the major works of ancient literature, possess no exhaustive account of Greek history (not to mention that covering the period), may treat this myth with contempt it deserves; but it may have been oddly clung to by one obvious means of escaping the situation—that is, by finding fruitful areas of research their best doctoral candidates, with a view to subsequent publication as *pro bono classics*. Such scholars are ideally placed for involving an immense amount of source-quarrying; under conditions they have made available to their disposal thus are likely to find available for subsequent academic consumption.

It is, one suspects, no accident that both *The Athenian Propertied Families* and *Athenian Propertied Families* are works of precisely this sort—based on the most thorough, say Chalcenteric, literary, historical, and prosopographical research. Further, while Oxford has in two such closely related fields are bound to overlap, considering their academic advancement and acknowledgments, this does not diminish the credit due to D. M. Lewis, who, it was suggested, the subjects of doctoral theses. If this is considered Oxonian nepotism, it only applauds—and, in the case of Oliver Twist, wants for more.

Commentary

With Philip Larkin's long-awaited *Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse* just over the horizon (publication date March 29), poetry anthologies are in the news. Penguin, who have perhaps the largest number of anthologies on the market, are launching a new venture this month. It, too, banks on the notion that poets themselves, especially eminent ones, have the best taste in other men's verse. The new series is accordingly named *Poet to Poet* (varying in price from 30p to 35p) and consists of selections from the work of famous men of the past chosen by British and American poets of today. Penguin are naturally proud of the names they have recruited, and issue a fanfare for the series in *Penguinews*, written by Stephen Spender, who quotes Eliot's remark that only poets should criticize poetry. And miraculous as the Penguin series should prove to be, it could not be called a new idea. Faber and Faber have been running a similar series for years, and a comparison of the first six Penguins with the two dozen or so Faber choices in print shows that, in some cases at least, the Faber compilers have written the more extensive and interesting introductions.

One advantage of poets as anthologists is their willingness to cut the cackle and speak out, often in a prejudiced way, about the authors they admire. They are seldom confined by academic caution. Some people now in their forties may have had the luck to be introduced to English poetry by an Oxford anthology produced in the 1930s and entitled *Fifteen Poets*. Ranging from Chaucer to Matthew Arnold, it differed from similar books in the originality of its choice and the calibre of the choosers. For instance, Shelley was selected by Edmund Blunden, Byron by W. H. Auden and Coleridge by Louis MacNeice. At this time, Auden and MacNeice were in their late twenties. Good textbooks are certainly not a modern innovation.

Auden is one of the editors in Penguin's first six *Poet to Poets*. He chooses the best of George Herbert, not a very difficult task, though it was artistically well carried out. Three of the volumes are fairly orthodox couplings—Henryson by Hugh MacDiarmid, Crabbe by C. Day Lewis and Whitman by Robert Creeley. The other two are more surprising and, as one would expect, benefit from their unexpectedness: They are Tennyson by Kingsley Amis, and Wordsworth by Lawrence Durrell. Anyone who has talked to poets knows that they seldom conform to the ruling passions they have been endowed with by critics, and reveal fondnesses for writers allegedly quite outside their arcs of sympathy. Both Amis's and Durrell's selections are quietly original, and their introductions are judicious, if rather too short. Future volumes promise the same kind of surprise, as the following juxtapositions show: Swinburne by I. A. Richards, Keats by Ian Hamilton, and Wyatt by Allen Tate.

* * *

Auden, who must be the most assiduous living writer of introductions to other men's books, has also contributed a short essay to the latest edition of Robert Bridges's anthology *The Spirit of Man* (unnumbered pages. Longman. £2.50). Auden's admiration for Bridges is well known and he indicates why this wartime anthology, compiled by a patriotic Poet Laureate, still commands attention today. It is cut out by feeling and full of that Kipling particularity which any good anthology must have. When it appeared in January 1916, the war was uppermost in everyone's mind. Bridges chose only from English and French and from the classics and Eastern literature in English translation. Auden justly praises Bridges's metrical virtuosity in his versions from several languages realized in classical metres. He points also to the highmindedness of Bridges's notion of patriotism, an idealism which would not permit any sort of jingoism—thus no Kipling.

The modern reader coming to the anthology for the first time is bound to be surprised. He might expect the heavy preponderance of Shelley, but not the extreme skill with which it is chosen. He will miss the originality of the Hopkins quotations (the first publication of Hopkins's poems is postdated, quite, anthology); but he cannot fail to be struck by Bridges's affection for Rimbaud, the most frequently chosen of all his French poets. There is a strange scarcity of Shakespeare, though a long and highly interesting passage from *Henry VI* is included. There is no Dryden, Pope or Browning. Two little-known poets who are favourites of Bridges offer a challenge to contemporary taste. One, Canon R. W. Dixon, a poet of considerable charm and skill, is unjustly neglected—the other, D. M. Dolben, is a quirk of Bridges's taste.

The prose passages are even more interesting than the poetry. Bridges does not hesitate to trim chunks and abridge poems peremptorily, but these poets are less awestruck by finished works than editors and critics are. It is such a fascinating anthology that an enthusiastic recommendation seems the obvious order of the day—that is until the book is driven home that it has already been reprinted thirty times. It seems that the quite lucid intelligence of Bridges's prose, and his willingness to let the poetry speak for itself, have made this anthology seem to be passionate and biased, and does not wait for shifts of taste to bring books back into fashion again.

* * *

If you have never been threatened by a poet in the Underground, let Commentary assure you that it differs to a surprisingly small degree from being reproached by a drunk or mooned by a tout. The attacker feels the same desire for anonymity, the same poignant yearning to be elsewhere, the same anxiety not to offend, and, above all, the same earnest wish to talk things over in more congenial surroundings. For it was on the Leicester Square Northern Line platform one Saturday lunchtime that Commentary was sidling approached by a small, hunted-looking figure bearing a stained portfolio of multi-coloured typescripts. "Would you like to have three mystery poems", he asked, "or two magical ones?"

Noting the wordsmith's damp T-shirt and faded corduroy "loons" and taking "like to have" to mean "be prepared to buy"—Commentary replied, "I have plenty of poems of my own, thank you", and held up the copy of A. Alvarez's *The New Poetry*, which he happened to be reading at the time. Ignoring this demonstration, the poet seen a thick-fingered hand through his hair and shouted in a high-pitched monotone: "Are your poems better than mine? are they better than mine?" "Not *my* poems", insisted Commentary, "*their* poems. Have you read them? Larkin? Lowell? Gunn?"

At this the young gleaman frowned, stiffened up, and drew back his right fist at shoulder height, and at this it occurred to Commentary that the happiest solution would be to make a run for it. But then the hippy lowered his first, fanned its chubby fingers (thus erasing with his palm any further reply), and said: "Just because they're in print and established. We've got no time for your sort of people at all, no time *at all*." The poet and Commentary walked off with equal haste in different directions.

When at last the train came in and the passengers shuffled towards the doors, the poet bounded up to make one last cryptic suggestion. "If ever you want to come and see me" he panted "—you can!" It was with a mixture of emotions, then, that Commentary sat, reflecting, not for the first time, on the frustrations inherent in being an Underground poet.

* * *

Thanks to the vigilance and foresight of Ross McWhirter, several million extra viewers are getting ready to be unanimously disgusted when David Bailey's television documentary film on Andy Warhol is eventually shown on March 10. But for those who don't wait until then "Mathews, Miller, Dunbar in conjunction with Bailey Litchfield Publishing Co." have brought out *Warhol—David Bailey's TV Interviews*, 65pp. including 34 illustrations. Commentary, who can only look on admiringly at such a book, should counter Mr McWhirter's swell the audience of whom to be a consummately well book reads like a cross producing with high tension antagonists' moronic posing a way as to make the confrontation between Truman Capote and Andy Warhol printed in *Encounter* seem a punctuating *hums* and like Cicero versus Robert Taft.

Er, he had or at the er no studio as far as he knows, anywhere, or if he did he didn't say or that he still has was and if, yes a strange question there's, er, he had a number. . . .

Thus spake Leo Castelli, who speaks almost everywhere in the book.

Matters are complicated though, by Mr Bailey's interrogation: his opening gambit ("No, God I've got to talk to this one. Oh I know you so much") hits exactly the you been influenced by what's his name, Duchamp? Beardsley, Beardsley, Beardsley, his name was? "; his adaptability ("Do you think they love Andy? I don't know. Ask Sam [sic], DB: Oh God, he's intellectual"); and his questions:

Bailey: . . . why do you hang electric chairs and crashes?

Leo: Yes, it seems to him, not very clear, actually they are not.

Bailey: Can we start on your crashes and electric chairs?

Leo: Yes, he did ask.

Bailey: Can I start? . . . let's start somewhere.

And, et, so on.

Who, though, could resist the slightly awful secretive, cultist gloating? Warhol emerges as a shrewd, if not unintelligent, hick; and, as a matter of fact, it's a certain bleary, hung-over charm. Well German-Jewish, he was six million—and was—and he has a faint, silent sometimes the hysterical, cringing undiscriminating mumbo-jumbo world he seems to inhabit. He listens vigorously and, when he is evoked, and he is by most of us, we will project ourselves in front of the screen. March 10—if only Mrs Warhol's son will soon get engaged and become a boy and then he can may be he would go. I mean a little, always alone and he's all the boys and girls fun. I would go to Andy's; you know, Andy's Andy's Andy's.

To the Editor

Yeats

Sir,—It was with great regret that I heard of the decision by Denis Donoghue to abandon his projected biography of my father. I had assumed without reservation his appointment by the Oxford University Press, and I am in no doubt that, as a result of his withdrawal the world has lost what could have been an outstanding biography. Professor Donoghue's decision is his own, and I would not normally feel that any comment was required from me. But his Viewpoint (February 16), however, he refers at some length to my own conduct in the matter. It would therefore seem desirable that I should say something in reply.

When I heard, in a letter from Professor Donoghue dated October 1972, that he was worried about granting to other scholars of access to unpublished papers, I wrote him a long and detailed letter which I stressed my anxiety to meet his wishes in every way possible, adding that, so far as I was concerned, his claims would have priority. I did, however, make one point clear, that I felt that it would be unfair and unreasonable were I to grind permissions for publication that I had already given (in some cases years ago).

George Harper, for example, whose researches into the Yeatsian material began some years ago, has already crossed the Atlantic twice to examine the material, and has devoted a vast amount of time and energy to the project. I hardly tell him now that all must stop, though I have no choice at all that, had he been approached by Denis Donoghue, he would have been very willing to alter his own activities so as to avoid a clash with the work on biography. To quote another example which discussed in the Viewpoint, the journal *Yeats Studies* started, with my blessing, well before Professor Donoghue was commissioned to write his biography.

This is, I think, a basic principle that, once given, a permission should not later be withdrawn. Professor Donoghue does, I accept this principle, but he in Viewpoint that when he was asked authorized biographer he should have been given a full list of permissions already made. So he have been, had he ever asked, a list. This really, however, gives us to the heart of whatever misunderstandings have occurred. In the three years since his appointment as authorized biographer, I have met Denis Donoghue on many occasions. Especially during the period when he was working on the manuscripts of the unpublished *Memoirs*, he was a frequent and welcome visitor to my home. We had many long and agreeable conversations in the course of which we discussed a wide variety of topics: but not once during all that period did he say one word about his worries with regard to biographical material. Nor, indeed, so far as I can remember, was the biography itself even mentioned.

A letter to me of October 21 last, therefore, as a complete surprise to me, detailed and, I thought, satisfactory reply I asked him to come to discuss the matter in order that we could arrive at a mutually satisfactory solution to the problems which had arisen. The only other communication I have had since then, however, was a brief note enclosing a copy of a letter of withdrawal addressed to the Oxford University Press.

It is not easy for me under those circumstances to understand the precise considerations which have led Professor Donoghue to take his present stand. In particular, I find it difficult to understand how he could have failed to appreciate the effect of Yeats scholarship, or how these Yeats scholars are, in his own phrase, "as numerous as commuters in Grand Central Station at rush hour". There is a flood of books on Yeats pouring out each year from the presses of the world. I especially puzzling his reiterated phrase to Yeats Studies. There is an implication to be drawn that he says about this journal, that it was only in August last that he realized with dismay that it was busying itself with the publication of assorted Yeatsiana. Yet Professor Donoghue should know far more about its publishing intentions than I do myself, for he has, since its inception, been a member of the Advisory Board of *Yeats Studies*.

I am not certain to what extent it would be possible to shut down the "Yeats industry" in the interests of Professor Donoghue's decision is his own, and I would not normally feel that any comment was required from me. But in

Ebbing tide

ANTHONY J. WATTS (Editor):
Warships and Navies 1973
136pp. Ian Allen. £2.25.

There is a growing need for more informed and widespread public discussion of the role of maritime forces, both naval and air, in promoting Britain's security and interests in today's rapidly changing environment. Nowhere has this change been more dramatic than at sea. In the realm of technology the emergence of the nuclear submarine, the guided missile (in both strategic and tactical roles) and new forms of reconnaissance and surveillance, have revolutionized the concepts of maritime operations. Politically, Russia and the United States, in their determination to exercise world-wide power, have built navies which dwarf all others into insignificance.

For Britain, with memories of maritime predominance, the diminution of the Royal Navy, combined with the country's withdrawal from its world role, has led to serious doubts about the service's future. These have been strengthened by the growing complexity and cost of maritime weapons systems.

This has already deprived the Navy of a future generation of aircraft carriers, slowed down its acquisition of nuclear hunter-killer submarines, and forced it to make an agonizing choice between quality and quantity in the smaller surface ships which today are its main strength. There is a reasonable doubt whether Britain, and other countries of comparable resources, can really afford effective maritime forces. The need for informed discussion leading to correct decisions is urgent because ships and weapons systems planned today will not be at sea for another ten years, and, once there, the ships at least will last another twenty.

The best publicly available writing on the subject is in *Jane's Fighting Ships* and *Brassey's Annual: The Armed Forces Yearbook*, but these are too large and costly for the non-specialist. Therefore a work such as *Warships and Navies*, which discusses both policy and equipment concisely, is welcome. It is planned as an annual publication and, although this first number deals largely with the maritime forces of the United States, Russia, Britain and France, with the strategic and policy discussions concentrating on British problems, a wider coverage is promised in future years. The coloured and monochrome photographs, mainly from official sources, are of a high quality.

Unfortunately, there are serious weaknesses in the text. The contributors who have dealt with the evolution and characteristics of ships and equipment have done their work well. John Marriott's chapter on Ship Missiles and J. D. Brown's on Ship-borne Helicopters are first-class surveys for the layman. Raymond Blackburn's succinct analysis of the maritime forces of the four major powers provides an admirable background to the whole subject. The human side is not neglected, and chapters by serving British officers of life in present-day Dartmouth and on board a nuclear submarine are salutary reminders of the demanding nature of the modern naval profession.

In contrast, the chapters by Mr Watts and Desmond Wettern on the present state and future prospects of the Royal Navy are unbalanced and unrealistic. They rightly point out the weaknesses in equipment, particularly in anti-ship missiles, and the great loss in capability incurred by the decision to discontinue aircraft carriers. They also contribute some useful points to the discussion on the practicability of replacing a portion of this capability by aircraft such as the Harrier operating from the through deck cruiser which is now being designed.

The unrealism and unbalance comes in the treatment of politics and strategy. As a background to this are constant snipings at Denis Healey's policies as Secretary for Defence without any mention of his positive achievements, which were recognized by the Services themselves, however strongly they disagreed with some of the individual decisions. Similarly there are repeated laments for the abandonment of the "East of Suez" role without any attempt to analyse what that could usefully be in the context of today's and tomorrow's political scene.

Most regrettable of all is the absence of any considered examination of the role of maritime power in increasing the security of Western Europe. In the past the Royal Navy gained its public support and finance because it could clearly be seen to be making a unique contribution to the country's security and world wide interests. Today both of these depend in the first instance on a democratic and increasingly integrated Western Europe, sustained by an Atlantic alliance. Unless the Navy can prove that it has a major contribution to make to the security and strength of such a Europe, it will not gain the public and financial support which it needs. Towards establishing this and suggesting how Britain could take the lead in developing Europe's maritime strength, the book contributes nothing. This shows a lamentable lack of understanding of what is at stake. Fortunately a recent series of articles in the *Financial Times* by members of the Admiralty Board shows that they, in this respect at least, are more perceptive than their critics.

Welding and winning

E. K. G. SIXSMITH:
Eisenhower As Military Commander
248pp plus 35 plates. Batsford. £3.50.

SHABTAI TEVETH:
Moshe Dayan
373pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.95.

One of the most penetrating judgments of Montgomery was made in Algiers during the war by General Bedell Smith, then Eisenhower's Chief of Staff. To serve under Monty, he suggested, was a great privilege; to serve alongside him was tolerable; to serve over him was hell. Eisenhower had not only the turbulent Montgomery as a subordinate—he had Patton and Bradley as well; and the manner in which he led such a team of rugged individualists to military victory reflects the almost superhuman patience, the capacity for "man-management", and the remarkable talent for co-ordination which were Eisenhower's outstanding characteristics.

He was not a military genius; nor was he a great commander in the classic sense. Indeed, until June, 1942, when he was appointed to command the American forces in the European Theatre of Operations he had had, in effect, no previous experience of combat command at all—his career in the First World War, between the wars, and for the first year of American involvement in the Second World War had been almost exclusively that of a planner and staff officer. Yet his achievements as Supreme Allied Commander were historic. He welded together, into one of the most formidable military machines in history, the armies, air forces and navies of many countries; he dealt amiably but firmly with recalcitrant subordinates and importunate politicians; and he understood far better than many of his more glamorous battlefield commanders the fundamental problem of strategy—what Liddell Hart has called "the art of distributing and applying military means to fulfil the ends of policy". Commenting later on his performance, Montgomery, not a man prodigal with compliments, said: "No one else could have done it"—adding, lest anyone should suspect him of an incontinent generosity of spirit; "but he knew nothing about how to fight a battle".

This mordant judgment was delivered in 1970 in a conversation with Major-General Sixsmith, who quotes it in his sympathetic study of *Eisenhower as Military Commander*. General Sixsmith offers a number of illuminating insights into the character of the soldier who was later to be President of the United States. His relationships with his closest associates—Captain Harry Butcher, his naval aide, Bedell Smith, his Chief of Staff, and George Patton, at one time his superior and later his subordinate, reveal a man of self-effacing charm, steadfast loyalty and deep sensitivity.

In his handling of Montgomery he displayed an almost saintly calm, allowing his anger to be aroused only when, already disturbed by the British general's apparently dilatory tactics during the Ardennes offensive, he received a letter from Monty questioning in typically astringent terms the wisdom of his command arrangements. He was, General Sixsmith reports, so furious that he sat down and prepared a note asking for Montgomery to be relieved of his command. In the event, however, his better judgment prevailed. The note was never sent.

His tactical handling of armies was less felicitous. In Tunisia, Sicily and Italy, he failed to display the dash and boldness which would have been appropriate to situations in which the Germans were almost invariably outnumbered on land, sea and in the air. Yet there were, as General Sixsmith points out, mitigating circumstances—not least the inhibitions rightly placed on the actions of military men by the political exigencies of democratic societies. Although there are no new insights in this study, and although its style has more of the flavour of the inexorable infantry advance than of the irresistible cavalry attack, it is a valuable work, skilfully organized and lucidly presented in the best Staff College manner.

No one could ever accuse General Moshe Dayan of an excess of tact or sensitivity. Aggressive, intolerant and implacable, he has come to symbolize the qualities of the modern State of Israel. In his analysis of Dayan, Shabtai Teveth goes even further:

> A resemblance had developed between Israel and Dayan. Both were solitary, dynamic, energetic and disabled. Just as Dayan's eyesight was impaired, so Israel's vision of the future was impaired by her severed hope of peace.

Contrived as this imagery might be, it reflects a significant truth. For many people, especially in the Arab countries, Dayan *is* Israel; and the prospects for peace in the Middle East depend to a great extent on his decisions and his influence. Mr Teveth's biography *is*, in this context, at the same time revealing and alarming. The picture emerges of a complicated, almost manic, personality. As a child Dayan displayed classic symptoms of insecurity—when separated from his father his handwriting became [illegible] spelling worse. He was domineering and often [illegible] disturbing streak of cruelty [illegible] mate whose only offence [illegible] be gentle, musical, good[illegible] well-dressed, was [illegible] assaulted by the [illegible] who was tough, [illegible] dressed in his father's [illegible] clothes. His arrogance and [illegible] for the feelings of others [illegible] being "sent to Coventry" [illegible] classmates.

Yet this unlikable, [illegible] ingly aggressive child had [illegible] side to his character—[illegible] deeply emotional. In his [illegible] he was unpredictable and [illegible] ventional. As a staff officer [illegible] way to visit one of his [illegible] stopped to pick oranges [illegible] orchard (his disregard of [illegible] ventions seemed to [illegible] attitude to other people's [illegible] When he arrived at the [illegible] honour drawn up to meet [illegible] the serjeant-major raised [illegible] to salute, Dayan shouted [illegible] and threw him an orange.

Mr Teveth has traced [illegible] of this eccentric soldier [illegible] and compassion. He portrays [illegible] less, courageous, and [illegible] tlefield commander; a [illegible] devoted archaeologist [illegible] lous about where and [illegible] ries out his excavations; [illegible] tient politician who [illegible] for long the company of [illegible] colleagues; but above all [illegible] of great and perhaps [illegible] ence over the Jewish [illegible] Mr Teveth says, Dayan [illegible] has been an unbroken [illegible] war—from the burning of [illegible] nia B kvutza by the Arabs [illegible] was five, through his [illegible] Haganah and the Second [illegible] War to the Sinai campaign [illegible] and the Six Day War [illegible] Death has been his constant [illegible] nion and his attitude [illegible] overtones of the fashionable [illegible] ist philosophy of the [illegible] power of violence. He [illegible] quotes from an address [illegible] Dayan two years ago at a [illegible] meeting to mark the [illegible] the death of the poet [illegible] man:

> Death in combat is not [illegible] life but its peak; and [illegible] is a part, and at times [illegible] total of life, death, [illegible] peak of combat, is not [illegible] tion of life but its [illegible] powerful expression....

One of the aphorisms [illegible] in Arab countries is, [illegible] Israelis can have territory [illegible] can have peace, but [illegible] have both. Shabtai Teveth [illegible] an indispensable place [illegible] for anyone trying to assess [illegible] choice is likely to be made.

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Straight from the shoulder

CHARLES CHENEVIX TRENCH:
A History of Marksmanship
319pp. Longman. £4.25.

JOHN TUCKER and LEWIS S. WINSTOCK (Editors):
The English Civil War
A Military Handbook
80pp. Arms and Armour Press. £1.70.

D. W. BAILEY:
British Military Longarms 1815-1865
78pp. Arms and Armour Press. £1.70.

A. J. R. CORMACK (Editor):
Small Arms in Profile
Volume I
240 plus 40pp. Windsor: Profile Publications. £6.

A History of Marksmanship is yet another general history of hand-projectile weapons and their use, handsomely produced and illustrated, but adding little to the information already available in a number of recent books covering much the same ground. The text, moreover, is marred by a disturbing number of elementary errors; for example, the long-discredited stories of the hand-gun on "King Edward I's [sic] ship ... in 1338" and of the invention of the wheel-lock in Nuremberg in 1515 are repeated, while the account of the operation of a wheel-lock suggests that Charles Chenevix Trench has never examined an actual specimen.

The book is saved from complete disaster by the well-chosen illustrations, which include a number of little-known subjects from early miniatures and engravings. The usefulness of every item, however, is considerably [illegible] by their absence of precise references for their sources, while many are not even mentioned in the text. In short, this is a book which would make a pleasantly entertaining gift for someone with a general interest in shooting, but is not likely to be of much use to the specialist.

The English Civil War is a manual of basic information designed mainly for the guidance of the growing band of people who spend their leisure refighting the battles of the Civil War. It comprises a chronology of the main events of the conflict followed by a series of short essays by various specialists, all of which, within their limits, are excellent. The illustrations, which are drawn mainly from contemporary engravings, are well chosen, though, regrettably, their sources are rarely given.

British Military Longarms, 1815-1865 continues D. W. Bailey's previous book covering the period 1715-1815. A short historical introduction is followed by seventy-nine half-tone plates with [illegible] and a short chapter [illegible] Much of the material [illegible] been covered in H. L. [illegible] *British Military Firearms* [illegible] and C. H. Roads's *The* [illegible] *dier's Firearms 1850-[illegible]* Bailey provides a useful [illegible] tion of this and has also [illegible] to add a certain amount [illegible] information and many new [illegible] tions. The book can be [illegible] recommended as a handy [illegible] reference for collectors.

Small Arms in Profile [illegible] this is the first volume [illegible] intended primarily as a [illegible] reference. It deals with [illegible] of hand-firearm, mostly [illegible] dating from the second [illegible] nineteenth century to [illegible] day, and also with the [illegible] during the same period [illegible] military ammunition [illegible] chief powers involved [illegible] world wars. The selection [illegible] arbitrary, and each subject [illegible] with in a separate section [illegible] all the firearms of the [illegible] eventually be covered [illegible] volumes, but the rather [illegible] arrangement is somewhat [illegible] and it would have been [illegible] rational plan for the [illegible] had been followed. The [illegible] entries, however, are [illegible] good and contain a wealth [illegible] nical information [illegible] numerous excellent illustrations [illegible] cluding many [illegible] ansins.

An estate of high-rise flats: Red Road, Glasgow

Ideal constructions

BY ALAN COLQUHOUN

[THERE] ARE three periods in mod[er]n architectural history during [wh]ich theoretical writings have [played] a vital part; the fifteenth and [six]th centuries in Italy, the eight[eenth] century in France, and the [period] between about 1880 and 1930 [in Euro]pe as a whole.

[Our] architecture is still under the [influen]ce of early twentieth-century [theory. I]t is with the third period of [theoret]ical thinking and practical [work th]at I am chiefly concerned

[The] rethinking of the basis of [architec]ture that started towards [the end] of the nineteenth century [differed] from that of the previous [periods] in a number of crucial ways. [The ar]chitectural revolution which [took pla]ce during the Renaissance, [and whic]h it defined the boundaries of [architectura]l discourse in Europe for [more t]han three centuries, was [based o]n what to us may seem a [strange] amalgam of medieval and [modern] thought. The rediscovery of [antiqui]ty by the Italian literati of the [fifteent]h century, and the import[ance att]ached to the Vitruvian texts [which w]ere part of this experience, [in one se]nse led to a liberation from [the dogm]as of scholasticism and an [affirmatio]n of scientific progress. But [from an]other point of view it can be [seen as] depending on mystical [beliefs]. Architecture was not [only,] in the case of Brunel[leschi's] design for the dome of [the Cat]hedral at Florence—sub[jected fo]r the first time to a pro[cess of s]cientific reasoning, and to [the domi]nance of a single mind and [will; it w]as also an embodiment of [the] Platonic notion of corres[pondence]s, which saw the whole [of the natur]al world as a continuous [chain of] hidden meanings. The har[monic an]d proportion of the new [architectu]re was thought of as being [a reflection of] the harmony of a Platonic [and geom]etrical universe. In its [ideo]logical foundations, there[fore, Ren]aissance architecture was [in many] ways remote from our own.

[It was] not until the period of the [Enlighten]ment that architectural [theory] adopted a tone that to us [seems dis]tinctly modern. At that [time a nu]mber of themes were taken [up which] are easily comprehensible [to us eve]n if they are no longer at [the f]ront of modern contro[versy. A] few of these themes may [be picked] out; the idea of the sub[jective na]ture of aesthetic experi[ence (th]e word "aesthetic" itself [was not us]ed until the mid-eighteenth [century);] the arbitrary nature of [the rul]es of post-Renaissance [architectu]re (rules about the mean[ing and p]roportion of the orders, for [example);] the need for a rational [architectu]re in which every struc[tural elem]ent played a visually dis[cernible] and contributed to the stability of a building; [the ide]a that architecture should [express] the aspirations of a new [soc]iety, ordered according to [unive]rsal principles of reason.

[In] spite of the development [of] mathematics which had [taken pla]ce in the previous century, the techniques of construction were still fundamentally the same as they had been since medieval times, and there was therefore no technical reason for abandoning the Greco-Roman repertoire that had been established in the fifteenth century and which had, since then, been closely associated with rational building practice.

What the age of reason did was to undermine the absolute authority of the Vitruvian laws. It appealed to the unvarying properties of human nature, and to the example of primitive man, in order to establish an architecture free from cant and prejudice. In the end this process of demystification succeeded in destroying all confidence in the traditional norms without setting up an alternative principle of its own, and it led to the eclecticism which is characteristic of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Although the eighteenth century addressed itself to many of the theoretical problems that were to be taken up again by the proponents of the Modern Movement; therefore, it differed from that movement in its belief that these problems were of a formal nature, and that architecture was based not on the economic and social conditions of its time but on the eternal and self-evident laws of human reason.

One of the characteristics of all architectural doctrines is their concern for the political, social and moral order. Part of the explanation for this lies, no doubt, in the fact that buildings rely more than is the case with the other arts on collective effort. Even today, when the value of a building may be less than that of the land it is built on, buildings represent a large capital outlay, and are relatively permanent. By their inescapable presence they come to act as symbols of the collective life.

Both the ideas of the Enlightenment and those of the Modern Movement were dominated by social ideals. Indeed if we look on the utopian socialists, Owen and Fourier, as forming a kind of link between the Enlightenment and social reformers of the nineteenth century like William Morris, we may almost say that the Modern Movement was the lineal descendant of pre-Revolutionary France.

But there were many features of modern theory that distinguish it from the thought of the eighteenth-century, one of the most important and interesting being its attitude to form. The repertoire of architectural forms available to the eighteenth-century was inherited, and with it came a set of possible meanings carried by these forms. Architects were thus provided with a kind of language, and by varying the combination of elements which constituted this language they were able to convey new meanings. The Modern Movement, on the contrary, deliberately set out to destroy the forms which had made up the styles of the past. These styles—as the eclectics of the nineteenth century knew very well—were not just an incoherent jumble of motives, but were highly structured. Because they had developed organically within particular cultures, they still offered the possibility of a coherent reading, however different it might be from the reading intended by the original culture. But variations on these styles had been played with less and less conviction and an increased sense of apocalyptic doom during the second half of the nineteenth century, and it is easy to imagine the feeling of exhilaration and the sense of discovery experienced by the architects who first realized that it was possible to design buildings which made no apparent reference to past styles, almost as someone blind from birth might feel if he were suddenly given sight. The condemnation of the nineteenth century, which had started with Ruskin as a feeling of nostalgia for the Middle Ages, developed towards the end of the century into the belief that a new age was about to dawn—an age in which people would see the world with different eyes.

Though this process took place at the same time in the other arts it was marked in architecture by recent developments in building technology, particularly the use of steel and large sheets of glass. In fact these materials had already been in use for some decades before they were first employed to obtain conscious architectural effects; what made their new use possible was a change in attitude rather than in technology.

This needs some explanation. Men do not abandon a means of communication and expression, however worn, unless they feel that they have found a better one. The early modern architects were convinced that they had found a new means of expression precisely in the place where nobody had ever looked for it before: in the process by which useful objects are made, and in the laws of harmony which the construction of these objects make evident to the senses. Just as Marx had said that it was the task of philosophy not merely to explain the world but to change it, so the early modern architects might have said that the task of architecture was not merely to create an ideal beauty but to construct buildings for everyday use, out of the materials to hand.

The very nature of this materialist attitude ensured that theory and practice should become united, after their long separation during the nineteenth century. Most of the writers on modern theory were in fact themselves practitioners, and a constant cross-fertilization of ideas took place, in which the polemical magazines which sprang up between 1890 and 1925 in Holland, Germany, France, Russia and Czechoslovakia played an important role.

Yet, in a sense, like Marxism itself, the architectural revolution of the turn of the century was the last revolution that could possibly take place. Once architecture had discovered its social role and had accepted its marriage to technology, it could never be like any of the styles of the past. All these, in spite of being the "natural" products of their own time, had temporized with metaphorical forms and transcendental imagery. In modern architecture there would no longer be any difference between "real" structure and its appearance, or between useful space and ritualistic space.

Such ideas may have formed the nucleus of modern doctrine, but that is not to say that the Modern Movement was freer from schisms and internecine quarrels than any other movement which is concerned with ideas. However clear the idea, its application was a matter of individual judgment. Its philosophical framework was never firmly established, and it was impossible to prevent idealism in one form or another from coming in by the back door, whether in the form of pure political expediency, as with the Socialist Realism in Russia after 1930, or in the form of a belief in constant and timeless values, justified by reference to "psycho-physical constants", as in the case of le Corbusier. The movement showed a tendency to be split between those who wanted to defend culture against the inroads of insensate mechanization (and these could be either romantic or classical in stance) and those who thought that any belief in standards and norms

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was merely a new form of academicism in disguise.

It is against this background that one must see the present state of architectural theory and practice. The various themes that were latent in the theory of the Modern Movement have crystallized into separate areas of interest, and the original conviction and unity of thought has been lost.

One of these themes—and it is a theme I have already touched on in connexion with eighteenth-century architecture—is that of architectural meaning. The problem of meaning comes back into architecture as soon as we become conscious of the fact that a certain impoverishment of form was the necessary corollary of the tendency of modern theory to *reduce* the language of architecture to its supposedly essential ingredients.

There is a strong current of thought at the moment which reacts against the iconoclasm of modern architecture by advocating the acceptance of the vocabulary of the past, or of spontaneous popular buildings. In this way, it is sometimes argued, one can avoid the arbitrary restriction of architectural motives, and so avoid the development of a sterile academicism. But simply to apply, in an ad hoc way, forms already loaded with meanings is not to create a coherent language. It can easily result in a shallow imitation of a vigorous, but ephemeral, popular mode of expression, or of some arbitrarily chosen set of historical stylistic features. The exclusion of certain expressive functions is the necessary result of modern technology, and itself derives from the ancient tradition that the meaning of architecture depends on tectonic forms. As soon as forms become separated from their structural and functional basis, they cease, properly speaking, to be architectural and degenerate into the pictorial or the anecdotal.

There is, however, a positive side to this attitude. It is clearly absurd for architects to continue to believe that they have the same influence on the whole architectural field which they enjoyed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. To believe this is to mistake the will for the fact, and to ignore the extent to which architecture acts as a sign system at a mythical level, even when there is no avowed intention to create a work of art, and when the motivation may be commercial or simply playful. The enlarging of architectural theory to include those popular and vulgar types of building which were, by definition, previously excluded from architectural discourse is a clear gain. It offers the possibility of a critical analysis based not only on the idea of the "intentionality" of the work of art (which was always the classical supposition), but also on the deposit which architecture leaves on the unconscious mind. An "archaeology" of architecture, to borrow a phrase of Michel Foucault's, would include not only those conscious theories which have dominated architectural discourse hitherto, but also the architectural substratum which has remained inarticulate.

The recent interest in Kitsch, for example, has shown that bad taste has its laws, and that it may be a symptom of repression—a separating-out of certain deep feelings which are forbidden to high culture. This interest in the forbidden areas of art, which reminds one of Surrealism, is perhaps an extension of that process, already mentioned, by which the Modern Movement undermined the preconceptions of the nineteenth centry.

But an interest in these facts does not guarantee that the observer shares the experience of the observed, and it is difficult at present to see how it can become a creative, as opposed to a critical, tool. For this reason, it is better to look again at the Modern Movement from a more normative point of view.

There is no doubt that the restrictive qualities in modern architecture belong to a wider cultural field, and they can also be seen in painting, music and poetry. Since the late nineteenth century there has been a tendency in all the arts to try to "get behind" the formulas of classically derived art—in poetry, for instance, to try to grasp the mental object that hides behind the poetic cliché, without which that object would not in the first place have been apparent. There is an intrinsic ambiguity in modern art, for it seeks to destroy the very material out of which it is woven, in order to arrive at essential meaning—a meaning which, in its turn, can only be made visible by the ruse of another formula. From this it would appear that there are no final and absolute solutions in art, but a kind of relativity depending on expectations in the receiver conditioned by his milieu. Such considerations may cut the ground from under the feet of modern architectural theory in so far as it has claimed to be a unique vision of truth, but they also justify "minimal" art, since the poverty or richness of a work can be defined only in terms of its position in time, and not in any absolute sense.

There is, however, a danger that modern architecture could become literally "meaningless", and this for another reason. While in one sense modern architecture is severely restricted in the expressivity of its forms, in another it is far less restricted than any style of the past. The coherence and richness of pre-technological architecture was due to the fact that the forms it inherited belonged to ... the common property ... ture, just as the ... tured, set of linguistic ... the property of the mass".

The use of certain ... obligatory, while the ... individual architect ... a secondary level of ... change which he introduced ... system immediately ... corresponding modification ... system as a whole, but ... degree as to destroy it completely.

The paucity of rules ... architecture, which ... foundly liberating ... of its development, ... architect has an ... amount of freedom ... tation of a programme ... ployment of elements ... architecture was severely ... its constructional ... whereas modern ... architect a wide range ... and therefore of ... a result of this, the ... modern buildings that ... teresting is very few ... work depends much ... ever did before on the ... tiveness, and attention ... the individual design ...

It is for these reasons ... scene in architecture ... fused. We are long ... when the few modern ... could be seen ... their temerity, and ... a mass of tradition ... Modern architecture ... ing to constitute the ... which we live and work ... the embodiment of ... and collective effort ... founders hoped for.

Alan Colquhoun is a ... private practice ...

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RICHARD N. CAMPEN

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Architecture of the Western Reserve reproduces nearly 400 photographs of existing buildings, with a brief historical and architectural description of each. In an historical essay Richard Campen relates the evolution of Western Reserve architecture to concurrent stylistic developments elsewhere in the U.S.A., following them from the earliest vernacular construction to the eclecticism of the latter part of the century. The contributions of important local architects such as Jonathan Goldsmith, one of the foremost practitioners of the beautiful transitional style which marks early Reserve architecture, and Charles Schweinfurth, whose Richardsonian and Tudor buildings enhanced Cleveland at the end of the century, are the subjects of individual sketches. A special section is devoted to Cleveland's Euclid Avenue at the turn of the century, when it was an avenue of mansions widely acclaimed as "the most beautiful street in the world".

1971 240 pages, 9" x 12" 0 8295 0196 7 £9.50

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Harmony in stones

INIGO JONES:

The Most Notable Antiquity of Great Britain Vulgarly called Stonehenge 1655

109pp. Menston, Yorkshire: Scolar Press. £3.50.

Thus the modern title of this handsome facsimile. Turning to the well-simulated original, we find: *The most notable Antiquity of Great Britain vulgarly called Stone-heng . . . restored by Inigo Jones Esquire, Architect Generall to the late King* (a courageous reference in 1655?) or, as shortened for the page-heads and as often referred to then and since: *Stonehenge Restored*. That is, interpreted. The point of the book was not so much Stonehenge in 1655 but what Inigo Jones in his lifetime had decided about its mysterious past. That the first artist to introduce the works of Palladio to this country should have interested himself in native rude stone monuments is not so odd as it seems. To measure the ruins of antiquity was the first duty of a Renaissance architect.

Around 1620, when James I asked him for an opinion on the matter, and again perhaps in 1649 during building operations at Wilton, the King's Surveyor went out and measured the stones, plotting their ground-plan and finding geometrical harmonies in it. To one proceeding in a ruin-measuring tradition absorbed in Italy itself, it seemed obligatory to fit the plan-ratios he found to a known antiquity. He made only rough notes, apparently; we do not know how rough—his report to the King being perhaps verbal—and after Inigo's death his associate, John Webb, out of piety for his memory, made this book from them. Undoubtedly the notes included sketches from which Webb worked up the plans and diagrammatic views that were included as folding plates.

Webb addresses the text "To the Favourers of Antiquity":

This Discourse of Stone-heng is moulded off, and cast into a rude Form, from some few indigested notes of the late judicious Architect, the Vitruvius of his age. . . . That so venerable an Antiquity might not perish, but the world made beholding to him for restoring it to light, the desires of severall his learned Friends have encouraged me to compose this Treatise. ...

Restored, that is, not physically but to historical respectability. Disposing of the rude native opinions of previous historians, the Webb-Jones text speaks as one who "is acquainted with the ancient ruins yet remaining in and about Italy" and finds it "demonstrable, that betwixt this island of great Britain, and Rome it self, there's no one structure to be seen, wherein more clearly shines those harmonicall proportions, of which only the best times could vaunt, then in this of Stoneheng". And then proceeds in the marvellous language of the seventeenth century to find this a Vitruvian temple,

> built by the Romans; either in, or not long after those times (by all likelihood) when the Roman Eagles spreading their commanding wings over this Island, the more to civilize the Natives, introduc'd the Art of Building amongst them, discovering their ambitious desire, by stupendious and prodigious works, to eternize the memory of their high minds to succeeding Ages.

Any contrary opinions ... rondred improbable ... them . . . being ... but also, what said ... ance-like hatched ... brains"—the public ... that sort of thing.

> But such as ... of time, amongst ... of Antiquity, ... course, betwixt ... customs, and ... ments, guided by ... and sound judgment ... safer, and with ... the secure Haven ... Truth.

A publishing firm ... Scolar Press might ... arly in minding ... modern setting not ... graphic reproduction ... ings in the introduction ... on the jacket flap ... Jones's death ... known). Nevertheless ... work well worth ... introduction by ... excellent.

Capital carvings

ALAN BORG:

Architectural Sculpture in Romanesque Provence

144pp. plus 158 plates. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £10.

This book is based on a doctoral thesis entitled *Architectural Decoration of the Romanesque period in Provence*, and this should have remained its title; the present one might well lead the unsuspecting reader to expect a full treatment of the great sculptural cycles of Arles and S Gilles, and in this he would be disappointed. Alan Borg deals with the development of architectural decoration in Provence in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which consisted primarily of Corinthian capitals, some foliage frieze decoration and a few primitive reliefs, which are, as he points out, of a pre-Romanesque character.

Given the material, the subject is well treated. There is an interesting introductory chapter on the history of Provence, and ... architectural history ... churches of the ... tectural analysis ... enables Dr Borg ... chapter, to make ... comments on the ... which he places ... pity that this part ... not have been ... sider the evidence ... Walther Horn, in ... work *Die Fassade* ... 1937.

There is much ... this book, but the ... demonstrate in detail ... Romanesque sculpture ... once Arles and S ... cluded. The only ... interest are the ... Trois-Châteaux ... well into the ... twelfth century ... sion that Provence ... important part ... believed in the ... immediately ... is not really ...

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...me when Venice seems, after ...any centuries of almost ...lous survival, to be on the ...ink of destruction, any book ...tinguished scholar on a par...ly fragile and elusive aspect ...city's past is especially signi... In Italy, historians who are ...home in the field of archi... history are relatively few ... between. Of those few, ...o Arslan was, until his death ... among the most thoughtful ... most respected, although his ...s were by no means confined ...itecture. The usefulness of ...k on the churches of Vicenza, ...lly for the period covered by ...sent volume, can hardly be ...mated. It is therefore with ...ar anticipation that one ...ches the English translation ...ook by him devoted to an ... of Venetian architecture ...has never before been sur... and brought together as the ...us of a monograph. What ... is, in many ways, a severe ...

...format of the book, and the ...ent series of plates set at ... of each chapter, give it almost a coffee-table air. All the familiar sights are there, together with innumerable buildings and details of buildings which are anything but familiar. The photographs, which are all in black-and-white and were all specially taken by Paolo Monti and Diego Birelli for the Italian edition of 1970, are of uniformly splendid quality and give a real sense of style to the book. It must be said, however, that the means of expression is not merely black-and-white, but very black and very white, and this gives a quite unexpected twist to one's memories of the city itself.

The bibliography and the extensive notes make it clear this is a serious enterprise, and no one who has made any attempt to come to grips with the history of Venetian Gothic secular architecture is under any illusions about the difficulty of the task. Anyone who is not aware of the problem has only to read the foreword to be told about it in no uncertain terms. Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice*, Paoletti's *L'architettura e la scultura del Rinascimento in Venezia* (1893) and the *Elenco degli edifici monumentali e dei frammenti storici e artistici*, produced by the Municipality of Venice in 1905, are singled out for praise. This serves to underline a subsequent art-historical neglect in some ways almost as complete as the physical neglect which characterizes such a high proportion of the buildings themselves. Physical decay, accompanied by intermittent, piecemeal modification, and the consequent profusion of evocative fragments is, of course, a prerequisite for the picturesque richness of visual and associative texture for which Venice is so famous. The result is all too often a form of picturesque and evocative writing, allied to a sloppiness of critical method and a bittiness of approach, which Arslan castigates with a will.

Unfortunately, the text leaves even a reader who began eagerly and continued dutifully, first in a state of bewilderment and finally defeated—not more or less or very nearly, or in a manner of speaking, but totally defeated. No references are given either to the mass of plates or to the line-drawings and diagrams which accompany the text and which are not even numbered. Every reference to the characteristics of a Palazzo or a window or a door has, therefore, to be accompanied by an individual search to discover whether it is illustrated. When, in addition, topics are taken up and dropped and taken up again, and discussions of buildings or fragments of buildings of which one may have heard are interspersed with innumerable references to buildings and details of buildings of which perhaps one should have heard, but never has, the difficulties become immense.

Much of the text is based on references to Ruskin's "orders" of building types. But unless one happens to have *The Stones of Venice* at one's side, there is virtually no way of finding out just what these orders are. More fundamentally still, the endlessly involved discussions of dating problems and the "proofs" which accompany them seldom seem, so far as one can tell—which is a serious problem in itself—to do much more than make a further unsubstantiated addition to the extensive lists of previously held opinions. No information on the subject is given, but in the end one wonders if the text of this posthumous work, which has undoubtedly suffered disastrously at the hands of its editors, was actually brought to its intended final state before the author's death, and hopes that it was not.

For all this, there is a mine of information, both in the main text and in the hundreds of often succinct and very informative footnotes, for those who are prepared to dig strenuously and in short bursts. The full set of bibliographical references to every object that is referred to, which is a feature of these notes, is something for which every interested scholar will be grateful. The emphasis on the role of outside influences and the lengthy consideration of the debt to England, in particular, are of the greatest interest, whether or not the reader happens to be British. Nowhere else can the specialist hope to find so much valuable material on such a wealth of Venetian Gothic buildings. It is only sad that so potentially valuable a text on so confused a subject should itself be so confusing.

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Outdoor frescoes

JOHN FLETCHER:

The Painted Churches of Romania
A Visitor's Impressions

52pp plus 42 plates. New Knowledge Books. £3.

The subtitle correctly reflects the largely descriptive nature of the treatment accorded by John Fletcher to the churches he visited in Romania. They include Bucharest's main masonry churches and the two interesting wooden ones preserved in its Village Museum, as well as that in the Monastery of Dragomirna, but the bulk of the text is devoted to the five splendid Moldavian churches that are remarkable for their frescoed exteriors. Originally there were more than twenty of these churches, all dating from the sixteenth century. The five that survive are those of Humor (1535), Arbore (1541), Moldovita (1542), Voronet (1547), and that belonging to the Monastery of Sucevita, which was founded in 1584 although the paintings on the exterior of its church were completed only in 1601.

Mr Fletcher knew nothing about these churches until a photograph of Voronet led him to visit Romania. While doing so, and more particularly when examining the ground plans, he felt able to relate certain details to features he had noted in certain Western monuments, notably in Celtic crosses, at Stonehenge and in some cathedrals and churches. His account makes pleasant reading and contains some information which will prove helpful to those unacquainted with Orthodox customs. The illustrations consist chiefly of colour photographs, but some reproduce paintings by Mr Fletcher. A simplified table of dates, a short bibliography, and an index are also included.

Mr Fletcher's reactions to the external frescoes appear to have been influenced by the views expressed by Rudolph Steiner, Eleanor C. Merry and Maria Schindler in some of their works, and possibly also by Isabel Wyatt, who contributes a foreword. As a result his approach, although primarily aesthetic, is also cosmological. This is often reflected in the text, as in the case of the note on the signs of the Zodiac as rendered at Voronet. It may also help to account for Mr Fletcher's failure to assess the politico-historical situation in sixteenth-century Moldavia, an omission which is responsible for his assumption that the paintings were commissioned by the church to serve religious ends.

However, Sorin Ulea has argued very convincingly that it was Petru Rares (1504-47) who sponsored their creation for a definite, purely political purpose: winning the wholehearted support of his people when called on to resist the impending Ottoman invasion. Dr Ulea based this theory on the fact that the earliest of the painted churches, the vanished Church of St George at Hirlau, was a court and not a monastic foundation. So, indeed, were Voronet and Moldovita, Stephen the Great having founded the former monastery while his son Petru Rares, who was himself answerable for the latter foundation, having been responsible for the exterior paintings of Voronet church. Dr Ulea finds additional support for his view in the fact that the basic themes illustrated on the five churches that survive are well-nigh identical since they display on their side walls the Litany of the Virgin, the Tree of Jesse and the siege of Constantinople by the Persians in 626, with the attackers dressed as Turks to make the message doubly clear.

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Eighteenth-century stately homes

Vitruvius Britannicus

Volume 1. Colen Campbell: *Vitruvius Britannicus or The British Architect*

Volume 2. J. Badeslade and J. Rocque: *Vitruvius Britannicus Volume the Fourth*; John Woolfe and James Gandon: *Vitruvius Britannicus Volume IV and Volume V*

Volume 3. George Richardson: *The New Vitruvius Britannicus*

Volume 4. Paul Breman and Denise Addis: *Guide to Vitruvius Britannicus*. 132pp.

New York: Benjamin Blom. Distributed by B. Weinreb and Paul Breman. £51 the set.

Vitruvius Britannicus is the most famous and most important printed document for the study of English eighteenth-century architecture. The facsimile reprint—now completed by a *Guide* and index devised and written by Paul Breman and Denise Addis—is in consequence one of the most valuable of the quantities of architectural reprints which have appeared during the past decade. It is also one of the best-looking and most accurate in presentation, the reproduction of the engravings being admirably sharp and exact. Great care has evidently been taken to ensure even inking of the plates—though the ink chosen is admittedly a little pale at times, and this, combined with the cream paper used in the first two volumes, contrives, especially where Campbell is concerned, somewhat to reduce the sparkle of the best original copies.

Here and in the subsequent volume devoted to the continuations by Badeslade and Rocque and by Woolfe and Gandon, there has been some reduction in the size of the plates. Richardson's, on the other hand, have been reprinted full-size, and so the format of his volume is somewhat larger than the others; a white paper has been used, and the aquatints come out splendidly, giving an added lustre to a collection of buildings considerably less distinguished in themselves than those illustrated by his predecessors. If the price of the set seems steep, one must remember that one is in fact getting eight old volumes within the three new ones, containing altogether more than 750 plates, and that the originals are extremely scarce and, in the case of Badeslade and Rocque, totally unobtainable, only four copies being known to have survived.

The *Guide*, which comes out in yet another, more compact format, provides in the first place what the student of *Vitruvius Britannicus* has long needed: a usable index to all the designs and buildings, architects and patrons. The main task, however, which Mr Breman and Miss Addis have set themselves is to annotate the plates as fully as current knowledge and a deliberately limited space allow. As Mr Breman points out in his introduction, the *Guide* contains "no original research . . . no new conclusions, no information that was not already a matter of record". But the annotations do offer useful summaries of what is known about each building or design, how completely it was carried out, its subsequent history and sometimes its relation to other work. Architects and buildings alike are given summary, though quite full, bibliographies.

Inevitably the annotations are already in a number of cases somewhat out of date; and it must be said that the information is presented somewhat irregularly and unevenly, with some notable omissions which could well have been made good at any time within the past ten years. (To take two examples from the very start, the entry for Compton Verney suggests both that the house of 1714 is still attributed with some confidence to Vanbrugh, and that Adam swept it all away; in that for Kedleston there is no mention of the early eighteenth-century house which the Brettingham-Paine-Adam ensemble actually replaced.) There are a good few fairly evident slips, some of which, though often mere printers' errors, could seriously mislead. No one, perhaps, is going to think that Richard Cassels designed Leinster House in 1845, or even that Thomas Wentworth became Earl of Stafford; but the uninformed might well wonder at the mysterious William Richardson, who is represented as having sold Campbell's original plates as recently as 1971 (destination unknown): was this William Richardson in fact the son of and assistant to the editor of the *New Vitruvius Britannicus*? In any case, the date should, of course, be 1791.

It is striking that there are still large gaps in our knowledge about many issues concerning the actual publication of this famous book. Perhaps a full study of the great collection of Campbell drawings now in the Royal Institute of British Architects collection will sort out some of these. It is indeed curious, as Mr Breman points out, that in a book so widely used "nobody seems to have noticed the existence of interesting and quite important variants in the groundplan of a major building like Castle Howard—especially when in both cases the drawings [illegible] come directly from Vi[illegible] self". There are simila[illegible] cies in the plans of [illegible] another building for which [illegible] was in part responsible [illegible] eighteenth-century work [illegible] William Smith): the pla[illegible] bell's third volume for [illegible] shows an earlier stage [illegible] which was discarded in fa[illegible] already published in [illegible] "Obviously", Mr Brem[illegible] serves, "bibliographical [illegible] still one of the mos[illegible] neglected tools of [illegible] history."

Though Campbell's [illegible] have long been so well [illegible] successors, popular [illegible] own day, have been [illegible] regarded since. Bade[illegible] Rocque's *Vitruvius* [illegible] *Volume the Fourth* has [illegible] intents completely unkno[illegible] ably even to Woolfe an[illegible] the numbering of wh[illegible] ignores it. Yet it is a bo[illegible] interest and immense de[illegible] the most beautifully en[illegible] architectural books. Un[illegible] other volumes in the se[illegible] centrates almost entirely [illegible] eye perspectives in [illegible] popularized thirty years [illegible] Kip and Knyff but not m[illegible] Campbell, to whose fami[illegible] style Woolfe and Gandon [illegible] their two volumes, which [illegible] architectural story no[illegible] where Campbell left off [illegible] opportunities offered by [illegible] the early work of Soane, [illegible] material is much th[illegible] predecessors', and no[illegible] hindsight—feel stro[illegible] volumes that one is m[illegible] the tale; but his sup[illegible] tints are fine things in [illegible] Happily we can now al[illegible] the whole composite w[illegible] which, as John Harris [illegible] his preface, "the Engl[illegible] house had been surveyed [illegible] unsurpassed in any co[illegible] any type of building be[illegible] times".

Pivoting into classicism

ROSALYS COOPE:

Salomon de Brosse
and the Development of the Classical Style in French Architecture from 1565 to 1630

295pp plus 216 plates. Zwemmer. £12.

Three bouquets are deserved: to Sir Anthony Blunt, to Rosalys Coope, to Zwemmers. Sir Anthony Blunt is now sixty-five. From Cambridge he went to work for two or three years under Fritz Saxl at the Warburg Institute, where he acquired his technique and his standards. He left the Warburg in 1939 and in the following year brought out his *Artistic Theory in Italy*, more a promise than an achievement. But then followed his *François Mansart* in 1947 and his *Philibert de l'Orme* in 1950. The Poussin studies ran parallel, and the volume of the Pelican History of Art, published in 1953, provided us with a masterly textbook of French art and architecture between 1500 and 1700. Sir Anthony, a passionate teacher, concurrently built up a school. It has been particularly effective in architecture: Constance Tooth on the *hôtels* by Levau (thesis 1961), Peter Smith on the *hôtels* by Mansart (thesis 1965), Allan Braham on Mansart's drawings for the Louvre, and now this impressive volume on de Brosse.

Salomon de Brosse is the sort of pivotal figure history tends to throw up at certain moments of high significance. The situation in French architecture of the Blunt period was something like this. The Italian Renaissance was in the first third of the sixteenth century no more than a fashion in decoration. A similar situation existed in Britain, but whereas we had only Holbein to keep us on the straight road, France had Serlio and Primaticcio, both designers of the first order; and by the 1540s Lescot and Delorme were busy. They had fully understood the Italian message and proved capable of developing it in an unmistakably French style. Somerset House is the sole parallel we have, and that was possible only because of French precedent. But there the ways parted. Britain turned elements of Somerset House into Longleat, Burghley and many more, thanks largely to the prosperity and power of the Elizabethan era. France was torn by war; little was built after the 1560s and what was built was abandoned unfinished or finished only very slowly. Charleval was begun in 1570 on a vast scale and abandoned in 1574. Verneuil was begun in 1568, and this is where Dr Coope comes in.

The architect of the two country palaces was Jacques Ducerceau, grandfather of de Brosse; Baptiste and Jacques II Ducerceau were his uncles. Families of mason-architects were still the rule in sixteenth-century France—and not only in France: remember the Smithsons. There is something else Robert Smithson and Jacques Ducerceau have in common. Both were emphatically not classicists, both tended to be coarse, and both were certainly short of refinement. But whereas Smithson's Wollaton is none the less strong and virile, Ducerceau's designs for Verneuil and Charleval, with their crowded columns and pilasters, their larger-than-life caryatids and their heavy segmental or semicircular pediments, are first and foremost monuments of bad taste. It could be said that this was the only phase in the history of French architecture in which bad taste was rampant. But there is more to Jacques Ducerceau than the handbooks have so far told us. Dr Coope's chapter on the Ducerceaus is pioneering work.

Salomon de Brosse was born in the 1570s. His years of training were spent at Verneuil under his uncles; for Jacques senior had died when Salomon was a child of ten or twelve. Time has been unkind to de Brosse. Of his life and activities before 1608 hardly any documents have been preserved, though by 1602 he is called "Architecte de la Reine" and of his major buildings—Montceaux, Blérancourt and Coulommiers—only the scantiest ruins remain. That leaves us with the Luxembourg, the façade of St Gervais and the Palais du Parlement at Rennes—begun in 1613, 1615 and 1618 respectively—and de Brosse died in 1626. To return to de Brosse's pivotal situation, it ought to be mentioned at once that François Mansart, with whom the textbooks start French *architecture classique*, was the brother-in-law of Gaultier, the site architect at the Parlement. Mansart was twenty when work started at Rennes. The position was the same as de Brosse's at Verneuil. De Brosse's oeuvre can indeed be seen as an evolution from Ducerceau to Mansart.

But Dr Coope's story is not as simple as that; for de Brosse is a Janus figure, looking simultaneously backward and forward. As for his search for inspiration in the past, de Brosse was impressed only marginally by the Ducerceaus. He looked back farther—to Lescot and Delorme—i e, to a purer Renaissance. It is equally telling that among Italians it was Vignola who impressed him most. The result is that, for instance, the chapel front of Montceaux is of *c* 1610 and looks so classical that one would date it 1640 to 1650. It is every bit as classical as Mansart could be in 1635 and 1643—i e, at Blois and Maisons-Lafitte.

Similarly de Brosse's love of ovals in plan points forward to Levau. Moreover, as Dr Coope rightly stresses, Blérancourt was a free-standing range like Maisons, not a *corps-de-logis* at the far end of a forecourt as was the French tradition ever since Bury and, in terms of Delorme, Anet and St Maur. On the other hand, de Brosse's façade of the *corps-de-logis* at Coulommiers is in its motifs and their crowding far from Levau and Mansart and close to the Ducerceaus. And at Blérancourt the pavilions in the corners of the entrance screen, with their ogee caps and the bull's-eye pushing the top cornice up, are just as unclassical. However, to complicate matters yet further, Mansart uses this very same unclassical motif in the frontispiece of the celebrated Orléans Range of Blois, begun in 1635. In short, de Brosse in Dr Coope's book turns out to be more classical than was to be expected, and Mansart turns out to be less. Of the classicity of the principal range at Rennes there can of course be no doubt. Here, in 1618, de Brosse initiated without hesitation and yet without any impurity the French mid-century style. The history of the building, incidentally, is very complicated, but Dr Coope has unravelled it with great skill.

Dr Coope is a careful scholar and leaves problems undecided, where there is no certainty to be found. Also, she writes well, her presentation is skilful, and the publisher has done her proud. This series of architectural monographs, which includes Sir Anthony Blunt's *Delorme*, James S. Ackerman's *Michelangelo*, Wolfgang Herrmann's *Laugier* and John Harris's *Chambers*, is a model of its kind: clearly set out with the footnotes at the bottom of the page and the plates at the end of the book. It is a pity, however, that several dozen minor misprints have been left uncorrected.

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To the letter

JOHANN DAVID STEINGRUBER:

Architectural Alphabet 1773

Text translated by E. M. Hatt.

111pp plus 33 plates. The Merrion Press, 16 Groveway, London SW9 0AR. £20.

This delightful book contains designs for thirty palaces based on the letters of the Roman alphabet. Steingruber published his *Architectonisches Alphabeth* in 1773, at the age of seventy-one, after a lifetime of sober work as the Chief Architect of the State of Ansbach. He himself calls the book "eccentric"; why, then, did he publish it? He quotes the Abbé Laugier: "There is not sufficient variety in the forms of buildings, but just endless monotony"; worst of all is "the eternal sameness . . . in the laying-down of ground-plans." In his effort to avoid this fault, Steingruber achieved (as Berthold Wolpe says in his introduction) "a triumph of imagination and ingenuity".

The choice of letter-shapes was not itself new; the Elizabethan Thorpe, for example, sketched a house based on his own initials I. T. But Thorpe's design involved nothing more than three plain rectangular blocks; Summerson calls it "a silly plan". Certain letters in the present *Alphabet* also yield boring plans: these are the "easy" letters, such as L, or H, or U. It is the "hard" letters that inspire. Here, as Steingruber remarks, "the very quirks and curves . . . compel the architect to divide up his interiors more imaginatively" and "to explore all kinds of ways and means". The "hard" letters would of course be easy if the designs were quite undisciplined—mere paper-fantasies; but Steingruber strove to produce *workable* buildings. It is in this—the effort to be practical, though bizarre—that the fascination of the *Alphabet* lies.

The most difficult problems present themselves at the junctions of the letter-strokes; these are mostly solved with a variety of stairways, flanked by little c[illegible] problems lie in the [illegible] angles, where room[illegible] been too dark; here the[illegible] corridors. Once, inde[illegible] tect admits defeat: [illegible] read: "To erect a b[illegible] ing to this letter-form [illegible] none will gainsay, a c[illegible] than a workable build[illegible] here, apart from the [illegible] two halls, little seems [illegible] "A" we find a simila[illegible] "Considering this lette[illegible] admit that . . . we have [illegible] shape too slavishly and [illegible] buildings with too [illegible] angle . . ."; on the [illegible] therefore find an altern[illegible] a blunter point.

A further problem [illegible] singly resolved. [illegible] have serifs; how can [illegible] tecturally expressed? [illegible] serifs, reproduced in [illegible] have looked absurd. [illegible] of most of the buildi[illegible] emphasized with a [illegible] and in the case of [illegible] such as T, the entire [illegible] cately curved.

The book contains [illegible] tions, with amusing [illegible] stove, for instance, [illegible] fuelled from a corrid[illegible] none of their lordships [illegible] turbed or inconvenienc[illegible] book's main feature [illegible] tions, which reproduc[illegible] the thirty copper-plate[illegible] Steingruber by J. C. [illegible] of these shows a gr[illegible] a view of one façade. [illegible] are in the style of C[illegible] ant Baroque, the co[illegible] straint of which suits [illegible] berance of the plans.

As Steingruber [illegible] his alphabetical pala[illegible] built; and his book [illegible] extremely rare. This [illegible] produced volume (the [illegible] tion of the Merrion [illegible] the full biographical [illegible] graphical information [illegible] Dr Wolpe, should [illegible] greeted with a cheer[illegible]

[illegible]oubling up

[illegible]AUME DE MACHAUT:

[illegible]ange des Dames

[illegible] by Nigel Wilkins.

[illegible] Edinburgh: Scottish Aca[illegible] Press. £5.

[illegible]t fifty years have witnessed [illegible] gradual appreciation of [illegible]t's stature as a musician, and [illegible]sponding decline of interest [illegible] achievement as a poet. There [illegible]aps something of the inevi[illegible]wing of the pendulum here, [illegible]itical editions of Machaut's [illegible]ere available a long time ago, [illegible]s his music had to wait until [illegible]mparatively recent editions of [illegible] and Schrade. Latter-day [illegible]logists have even discovered [illegible]rtain works hitherto con[illegible] to be monodic are in reality [illegible]onic, so that the overall picture [illegible] his musical output is still [illegible] to change or modification. [illegible] Machaut thought of himself [illegible] and musician, setting much [illegible]own verse to music with evi[illegible]joyment, and it is only when [illegible]s his double set of standards [illegible] realize the full extent of his [illegible] Some critics have professed [illegible] his poetry rather dull and [illegible] in its general appeal, yet [illegible] is wedded to his matchless [illegible] fusion of elements seems to [illegible]ce with natural ease, for the [illegible]lity of the verse is not too [illegible]ced or powerful to overload [illegible]ic, and the result is a per[illegible]alanced artistic creation by [illegible] author.

[illegible]ew edition of *La Louange [illegible]mes* by Nigel Wilkins is [illegible]d to experts. A total of 282 [illegible] mostly ballades and ron[illegible] with a smaller number of [illegible]royaux, virelais and other [illegible]hows the extent of a collec[illegible]ich occupied Machaut for [illegible]fifty years of his life. No [illegible]ons are offered, and the [illegible]s assumed to possess the [illegible]y familiarity with source-materials to know the meaning of the various sigla scattered throughout the introductory matter. Most of the poems (and the majority of the musical transcriptions) are based on readings of a manuscript compiled in 1363-64, acquired by the Marquis de Vogüé (hence the abbreviation *Vg*), and—after a long disappearance—purchased by a New York art gallery. It ranks as an early enough source for reliability and authenticity, and is sufficiently late to offer a fairly substantial collection. Where necessary, additional poems have been taken from other manuscripts known to have benefited from Machaut's personal interest or supervision.

Dr Wilkins provides extensive chronological charts of the sources, a complete list of the poems showing the exact location of each one in every manuscript, and a generously unpedantic set of notes. His concern for the musical settings is evident in the transcriptions reproduced from his own neatly handwritten scores, and if they are not quite as clear as if they had been engraved (which would have added another £2 to the cost of the volume) they are certainly legible. Unfortunately editors of Machaut's music have not paid sufficient attention, so far, to matters of text-underlay and declamation, with the result that the music makes nonsense of the poetry and vice versa.

The placing of syllables under notes in the manuscripts is notoriously unreliable, because different scribes were usually employed for text and music copying. When bar-lines are used, as is normal in a modern transcription, stresses are often implied on syllables or words that deserve little or no accentuation at all. It would be altogether admirable if Dr Wilkins could utilize his knowledge of poetry and music to solve some of these problems in a rational and convincing way.

History for listeners

ARTHUR JACOBS:

A Short History of Western Music

363pp. Penguin. Paperback, 60p.

Reviewers sometimes follow King Lear in measuring love by the length of its verbal declaration. Finding twenty lines of comment about Schumann's four symphonies and only ten about Brahms's four, they arraign the writer as imperceptive towards Brahms without asking: "For whom does he write? On which do they need the more information, Schumann's or Brahms's symphonies?" The Learish critic should find repeated opportunities to pounce as he peruses a history of Western music which tries to deal with the period from 1250 to 1971 within less than 400 pages; yet as he compares the numbers of lines given to Machaut and Landini, Marenzio and Palestrina, Vivaldi and Scarlatti, and so on to Stockhausen and Boulez, he cannot easily make his silly captures.

Does one join him by noting the disparity between Arthur Jacobs's dealing with Delius and Elgar? Mr Jacobs did creditable justice to Delius's choral works in his earlier Penguin book *Choral Music*, but in this succinct history only "Brigg Fair" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" receive specific mention in the nine lines about Delius; Elgar receives twice that number of lines and mention of almost all his major works. Criticism may be disarmed by the preface which declares that the book "is written deliberately as a listener's history. Its reader . . . lives in the gramophone age." Of the works discussed "all except a handful out of hundreds" were commercially available according to last year's British catalogue of records, and Mr Jacobs has "many times" changed his choice of example to suit his record-owning readers. He wins only if that catalogue did not include "Appalachia", "Sea Drift", "A Song of the High Hills", "A Mass of Life", *A Village Romeo and Juliet* and "In a Summer Garden".

Let us hope that he loses, for if search reveals such discrepancies as faults, not merely captures by Lears, then they are incidental; but if he wins, we must ask whether Mr Jacobs has made a more serious error. Has he let the recording companies determine the emphases and evaluations of a so-called history? Let us see. Mahler enjoys a whole page and a half, supplemented by references to five other pages. Fauré is denied even a whole line; he must be content with his name and dates; then later comes the questionable statement: "As a song writer Chausson shares importance with Fauré." Here may lurk prejudice, oversight, or heresy, but surely not capitulation to a catalogue which mentions several recordings of music by Fauré. Nor does this catalogue reflect the exclusion of Roman and Berwald but the inclusion of Suk and Fibich.

The strongest evidence that Mr Jacobs thought more of his readers' needs than of recordings lies in his allocation of 120 pages to music before 1650 and ninety-three to music after 1900, leaving less than a third of the book for the period grossly favoured by the gramophone. He invites comparison with Curt Sachs, the only previous musician of distinction to cover the same subject in so few pages. In 1949 the readers of Sachs's *Short History of World Music* lacked our choice of records, so Sachs excluded minor composers. No Suk or Fibich for him! This gave him room to write well about his favourite subjects, such as the history of instruments and the German-speaking composers; but curiously enough Mr Jacobs, without this advantage, sometimes produces more digestible reading than Sachs. Someone wishing to verify ideas about Purcell, Debussy, the Russians or Messiaen may find himself finishing the chapter, not just the paragraph. Certainly Sachs's post-1900 section is superficial and misleading, whereas Mr Jacobs is to be commended for trying to supply what most music historians will not. He almost succeeds in the impossible task of securing contrasted views of our century's tangled musical wood while perforce living among its trees.

Most of the book's defects can easily be remedied in a second edition. The neat appraisal of Rameau's theatre works would be enhanced by mentioning the farsing of stories by divertissements, which bring the composer's richest orchestral invention, and by giving a little more space to the unique and national features of Lully's *tragédie lyrique*. Bukofzer's mistaken identification of the design and function of an organ chorale ("the chorale prelude proper") is repeated; the index needs checking—its reference to Borodin on page 255 for example, seems illusory; Britten's "Bridge" variations are for string orchestra; at least one reader does not understand "old ground" and "disguised" in "*Owen Wingrave* was a retreading of old ground, disguised as a new television opera"; the rare descent to journalese is worth correcting ("a new effort to find a meaningful social context for operatic composition"). But even in the final pages Mr Jacobs avoids facile recourse to armchair sociology, and his comparisons between music and other arts are never patronizingly obvious. The reader is treated as intelligent, unlikely to buy the book if he is unfamiliar with musical terms freely used in programme notes. By judging well how far *not* to advance his explanations, Mr Jacobs tells the listener all his ears need to seek in such complex textures as isorhythm, serial rhythm, etc.

It was wise not to supply a list of gramophone records. Former books with a "discography" have found it nearly useless after a few years. Mr Jacobs could, however, profitably supply a short list of references to "Further Reading" at the end of each chapter. In attempting this unenviable task most historians of music would have failed by omission, disproportion or indigestible concentration; it was a shrewd Pelican that went to Arthur Jacobs.

[illegible]airy-tale tenor

[illegible]Y JACKSON:

[illegible] W. H. Allen. £3.50.

[illegible], on February 25 to be pre[illegible] the centenary of the birth of [illegible] Caruso. Here is a biography [illegible] great tenor to celebrate what [illegible]ishers call a "major event [illegible] goers and record collec[illegible] If that is putting it rather [illegible] is still an astonishing story [illegible]h all the appropriate dis[illegible] deducted for the overwriting [illegible] life-stories of celebrities, a [illegible] human interest that bears re-[illegible]

[illegible] Jackson admits that he has [illegible] to say about the technical [illegible] of his art, and he says very [illegible] out the artistic aspects of his [illegible]r. Is there then any justifi[illegible] for writing about an artist if [illegible] nothing to say about the art [illegible] alone your subject is im[illegible] Mr Jackson explains that [illegible] was such a fertile source of [illegible] in his lifetime and the [illegible] of biographical material so [illegible] it needs sifting, since the [illegible] published after his early [illegible] 1921 were written by his [illegible] by admirers too close to him [illegible] true picture of his person[illegible] It is Caruso's personality [illegible] interested Mr Jackson, an [illegible] first aroused by his acquain[illegible] Gigli, another remarkable

What differentiates Caruso from every other Italian tenor before or since is that he coincided with the invention of the gramophone as a not impossible instrument of music. His records sold in millions, and they can still be played today, despite the surface noise, and convey something of the extraordinary voice. To play his recording of "M'appari" from *Martha* again today reveals that the strength of Caruso's singing—a firm, even stream of fully saturated tone sustained with great power but without loss of smoothness or sweetness—was just what was most needed to overcome the limitations of the early pre-electric recording apparatus.

Mr Jackson's narrative shows that the musical side of the business was always a matter of concern to Caruso, who not only kept his notebooks of exercises, of passages in the operas that needed special practice, but was punctilious about rehearsal and was nervous before every performance. The things he should have shown more concern about were diet and excessive smoking.

It would have added to the book's value to have had more discussion of Caruso's various roles—a connoisseur's exercise, though there can be few people outside America now capable of appraising an art that has been silent for half a century—and something might perhaps have been attempted through the surviving records. Mr Jackson lists no fewer than forty-three operas which Caruso put into his repertory, so he cannot be accused of ignoring his artistic responsibilities. And though he was an uneducated, rather simple soul, exposed to the temptations of vast wealth, American social life and the stresses of the opera house, he was, as Mr Jackson paints him, a very decent fellow and remained unspoilt by his fairy-tale success.

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Shades of blues

RICHARD MIDDLETON:

Pop Music and the Blues

A study of the Relationship and its Significance

271pp. Gollancz. £4.

The blues is so fundamentally ingrained in nearly all twentieth-century popular music that it is exceptionally difficult to separate it out, as a specific influence, or to offer detailed analytic exposition in musical or cultural terms. This is the task that Richard Middleton has set himself in this ambitious book, but he is only partly successful.

The best sections of *Pop Music and the Blues* concentrate on relatively simple explanations of what, musically, the blues looks like when written down; on the distinctions between country and urban styles; and on the ways in which the clash between Africa and America has affected musical expression. When Mr Middleton moves on to the White aspects of Black music he too often hides what he has to say under sweeps of sociological prose, heavy with generalizations about culture, nexus, dialectic and so on. The essay on the subdivisions of soul is especially over-complicated, and thus unclear and unconvincing.

Other sections contain genuine insights. The Beatles and, especially, the fuzz-distorted and unique rhythm and blues of Jimi Hendrix, are coherently discussed; so also is the very interesting city blues quality of middle-period Bob Dylan. And there is a good summary of what may happen to the various strands of the pop avant-garde.

When he writes specifically Mr Middleton writes well; but, on this general subject, most readers will still turn first to the researches of Tony Russell's *Blacks, Whites and Blues*, even though that book is less ambitious and takes the story only as far as the late 1930s.

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In praise of epistemology

DAVID PEARS :

What is Knowledge ?

106pp. Allen and Unwin. £1.25.

In the compass of a hundred pages, David Pears has written an extended essay on epistemology, intending it to serve as an introduction to philosophy. It is a polished work, clear in structure, lucid in exposition, and concerned with some central questions.

Mr Pears's first move is to distinguish and discuss three types of knowledge: factual knowledge, knowing how to do things, and acquaintance. Next he considers inductive and *a priori* reasons as providing the adequate evidence required in support of most knowledge. Since differences in subject-matter may make a difference in the proper account of various forms of factual knowledge, he then discusses perceptual knowledge, knowledge of universals, and memory of past facts. The differences between remembering and perceiving, he argues, do require certain differences in strategy for rebutting scepticism. Finally, as an appendix, he discusses whether philosophy should merely describe the structure of human knowledge or aim at a rational reconstruction of it: this discussion is confined to the empiricist search for foundations of knowledge in immediate experience.

In spite of its merits, *What is Knowledge ?* has serious drawbacks as an introduction to philosophy, or even to epistemology. Its format obscures its structure, its argument is rather idiosyncratic, and its view of philosophy is old-fashioned. Although the essay is divided into eight sections, Mr Pears gives too little explicit indication of the rationale for the divisions. There is no table of contents, no chapter headings, and no index. Some signposting would help the novice to organize the argument.

Mr Pears's aim is to raise many questions and to answer only relatively few. He should have raised more and answered even fewer, for his argument at various points rests on peculiar, even idiosyncratic, assertions. For example, he argues that no contingent truth can be self-evident, i e, guarantee its own truth. The decisive points, he urges, are that the symbols in a true contingent statement must match what they purport to symbolize, and that this success is not guaranteed *a priori*. But the thesis that statements about immediate experience are self-evident is not a denial that such statements are contingent, but rather a denial that they can be sincerely thought to be true and none the less turn out to be false.

Similar examples are frequent. Mr Pears claims that ontological issues about universals are irrelevant for epistemology since most universals are presented to us in perception. But ontological questions are thought important in deciding whether arithmetic is *a priori* or empirical, and if *a priori*, whether it is analytic or synthetic. The problem of induction is oddly brushed aside with the remark that the issue belongs to the philosophy of science. And he asserts, without argument, that any reason supporting factual knowledge must implicitly be general, though this is open to question, for example, for singular predictions. As a consequence, Mr Pears fails to delineate the complete range of traditional positions in epistemology—the range against which a beginner might try to chart what he reads. Somebody more expert is left with a battery of puzzles and objections.

Finally, his philosophical stance is somewhat old-fashioned. As in science, so in philosophy, one should aim at constructing theories and at testing them against facts; for example, epistemology offers theories of perception that have to be explored in detail to determine their correspondence with the facts.

In particular, Mr Pears offers comparisons between theory-construction in the psychological mode of British empiricism and theory-construction in the linguistic mode of contemporary philosophy. He does not take seriously the Wittgen-

The counter-revolution

GRAHAM BIRD :

Philosophical Tasks

158pp. Hutchinson. £2.50 (paperback, £1.35).

Graham Bird has as his subtitle "An introduction to some aims and methods in recent philosophy". Like many other introductions to philosophy the book is not very introductory, nor is the rationale of its structure altogether obvious. But as an attempt to "identify some central themes in recent Anglo-American philosophy", as it also claims to be, the book has considerable merits. More than this, it provides an interesting critique of those themes often in the spirit of one who has come to find their presuppositions a little threadbare. Professor Bird starts from the often-heard claim that the first half of this century saw a "revolution in philosophy". The parallel Schoenbergian revolution in music has been characterized as a conservative revolution with its roots firmly in the past; one might have said the same about the "revolution in philosophy". Professor Bird's attitude is a little more ambiguous; he shows no tendency, for example, to refer to the revolution in quotation marks. Rather he seems to accept the fact of the revolution (though perhaps not always clearly so) and urges something of a counter-revolution. In the earlier chapters the counter-revolution is described in terms of a return to a position more akin to that of Descartes, in a refusal to draw sharp lines of demarcation between philosophy on the one hand and science or history on the other.

Like many other counter-revolutionaries Professor Bird sees the germ of the counter-revolution in the revolution itself. A proper attention to the details of the methodology employed in the revolution will, he thinks, show that they lead to conclusions other than those embraced by the revolutionaries themselves. Thus he is extremely critical of the frequent claims that philosophy must have a completely independent, second-order status, and that its concerns are with language and meaning rather than the facts. One of his chapters is given over to an examination in detail of A. J. Ayer's claims back in 1940, that the issues in the philosophy of perception are primarily linguistic—an examination that strangely enough has been carried on before with much the same results by J. L. Austin, one of the main practitioners of ordinary language philosophy. Other chapters are devoted to the appeal to ordinary language itself and to a consideration of the proper place within philosophy of categorial frameworks and conceptual schemes. In the middle there is a chapter given over to the role of scepticism in philosophy. This chapter has perhaps a doubtful place among the rest, and it is not everywhere that one might expect a discussion of this subject to be elucidated by an appeal to examples taken from chess, technical ones at that!

The preface to the book suggests that one of its aims is to enable readers to reach some view for themselves of recent developments in Anglo-American philosophy. It is difficult to see how that aim could be achieved, since Professor Bird himself presents a very definite view of those developments. Despite the counter-revolutionary stand in his discussion he is in the end a true moderate. He accuses modern philosophers of being wrong more in the theory of their practice than in the practice itself, and in discussing what he calls the myth of neutral observation he will have us steer away both from the Scylla of the infallibility of ordinary language and from the Charybdis of cultural relativism. In the end he urges a return to a Cartesian acceptance of the close connexion between philosophy and science while accepting as a legacy of recent philosophy the importance of linguistic considerations.

But it is equally impossible to escape the conclusion that (perhaps because of the limits imposed by the space available to him) his recommendations and the considerations that he adduces in favour of them remain somewhat programmatic. With some exceptions—notably the discussion of Ayer—his treatment of the issues which he has chosen to discuss is both general or abstract and somehow at a distance from those issues themselves. One wonders whether Professor Bird did not in writing his book have more than half an eye on his fellow philosophers rather than those whom he hoped to introduce to his subject-matter. But then what would be the result of listening to him—a better philosophical practice or merely a better account of that practice? If the latter, then the counter-revolution may appear as conservative as perhaps the revolution was. Not that this would be a bad thing; philosophy after all is part of its tradition whatever the true revolutionaries may from time to time say.

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Tragic

LUCIEN GOLDMANN :

Racine

Translated by Alastair Hamilton

105pp. Cambridge : Rivers Press. £2.25 (paperback, 95p).

This is an accurate and readable translation of the essay in which Lucien Goldmann presented in a more compact form the interpretation of Racine's tragedies first expounded in *Le Dieu caché*. The larger work is the more valuable, but this volume gives a stimulating account of Racine's Jansenist world-view, even if the picture of the tragedies is distinctly lopsided. The book may also be regarded as a contribution to the opening up of English literary critical horizons—or so suggests Raymond Williams in a lecture on Goldmann printed here by way of introduction. It remains doubtful whether students who know enough French to read Racine (for this translation is presumably meant for students) really needed to have their Goldmann in English.

Post-Newtonian

IVOR LECLERC :

The Nature of Physical Existence

381pp. Allen and Unwin. £6.95.

While philosophers and philosophically-minded scientists have been uncomfortably aware for some time that the system of concepts inherited from classical physics is seriously inadequate in the context of modern developments, very few of them have been able to explain with any accuracy what has gone wrong. *The Nature of Physical Existence* contains not only a remarkably clear account of the nature of the problems, but also an analysis of their evolution which leads the author to suggest how we might go about resolving them.

Ivor Leclerc suggests that our present situation is a peculiarly difficult one, and is the direct result of the success of Newtonian physics. From the time of the Ionian Greeks until that of Newton, science and what Professor Leclerc calls "philosophy of nature" had never been separate: conceptual clarification had been at least as important as observation and experiment, and since anyone wishing to provide a new account of the nature of things had first to dispose of the arguments of his predecessors, there was a general awareness of the nature of the various problems. Newton had understood them, but most of the experimentalists who carried on his scientific work did not. Feeling that all fundamental problems had been solved, they continued their work with what was generally thought to be a Newtonian view of the world, until now, with the days of the old philosophy of nature so far behind us, most of us do not even realize that the fundamental concepts are the sorts of thing which are even open to revision, quite apart from having any idea of how to go about the revision process.

We are now aware that some sort of change is needed. Professor Leclerc considers that since our pre-Newtonian ancestors would have been much more familiar with the nature of the problem, the best way for us to proceed is to go back to the beginnings, trace the evolution of the most important concepts, and so put ourselves in a position to continue the development in the same sort of way, by a "dialectical contrasting of positions". His book is concerned with carrying out this idea, first by dealing with the growth of such crucial concepts as those of infinity, divisibility, matter, substance, extension, action and relation, and then concluding with his own ideas of how they might develop to suit the needs of modern scientific thought.

Although Professor Leclerc says that his book is not a history, there can be no doubt of its being of great interest to historians. Even those not directly interested in philosophy are likely to find the careful explanation of changes in connotation of various words of great value in the interpretation of original sources,

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… as though *One of Our Own* … to be Frank Norman's Big … It's not autobiographical, it's … and it desperately wants … simplex. Those who read Mr …'s early books will possibly … them for their attractive, … style—the style of the … whose selectivity and tim… than compensated for the … grammar and inventive … or compensated, anyway, … fact that the publisher left … script ostentatiously uncor… It might seem pompous to … but where scarcely literate … special reasons, acceptable, … is sadly self-defeating. … early days, Mr Norman has … up his English usage … result is a shiny polysyllabic … which all too successfully ob… the racy energy that went into … *Rights* and *The Guntz*.

… news begins, really, on … page, when Ernie Lewis, … provides the novel's … makes his entrance. "He … unless he was drunk, … or both, which was just as … if he ventured beyond … his mangled syntax de… comprehension by all but his … the narrative wears on, Mr … own desire to get beyond … produces a mangled … which is all too comprehen… terms of ambition, though … lapses serve only to … how far he is from the … urbane style he is looking … then, the narrative assumes … of someone who has aban… instinctive speech pat… order to be on his best … behaviour for an interview. … we are told, are not … funny, but are made … "misanthropic delivery", … passion is said to be "re… when in fact it has been … at times, clumsy sen… malformed expressions … become the rule rather … exception: "… despite … love and kindness … upon them …"; "She … shattered by the inci…; "drink was their only mental stimulus …"; "His name was Colonel Otto Eberbach, who was a fair-minded soldier …"; "The war had eaten up a sizeable great chunk of his life …"; and so on; and on; and on: strivings for literary respectability which make equally laughable the sporadic use of the vernacular. Saddest of all, though, is the fact that the day-to-day life of the Lewis family—despite the punch-ups, the booze-ups, the knee-tremblers, the buns in the oven, the traditional great good humour and the even more traditional dour resilience—provides only the occasional spark of interest and, what is worse, only the occasional spark of authenticity.

Readers equipped with *The Underground Dictionary* will probably get through William Bloom's new novel without too much trouble. Even so, they might well pause to wonder whether people really do speak like that most of the time—and if so, why. For sheer pretentiousness, hippy patois takes a lot of beating and as most characters in *Getting There* speak it as to the manner born, tedium sets in, finally and fatally, well before the book is half-read.

Richard Ward, head of a large (but cool) design group, is trying to clinch a deal with WEB, a large American concern. He has a Conservative Minister on his side, and things seem to be going well (no sweat) when his London gallery, which is displaying choice erotica, is raided by the police (a bust). At about the same time, Richard becomes involved with the Underground (brothers) through his crusade on behalf of a Black friend, Rudolph, who has been beaten up by the police, and through his love affair with Quin, an American photographer who does not really dig where Richard's head is at, but loves to ball him.

Most of the people, stoned most of the time, are as suspicious as Quin of Richard's motives (bread makes bad vibes), but warm to him because of his hassle with the pigs. As it turns out, Richard is being manipulated—the WEB deal is a massive rip-off; and to add to his troubles, Quin turns out to be a lady of very uncertain sexual proclivities. We leave him, bitter and slightly bowed, still stranded between the sub-cultures of big business and dope-soaked radicalism. The no-man's-land between the two, it seems, is supposed to be the source of the book's tensions. Richard trots to and fro between his smooth Minister and his cool photographer, trying for the best of both worlds while ignoring their blatant disparities; his position is best summed up by the fact that he arrives at the House of Commons stoned out of his skull; but if Mr Bloom expects readers to extract some significance from Richard's division of loyalties, or from the actions of others involved, then he has badly miscalculated the extent to which it is possible to become involved with characters as risible and faceless as his. It may be a heavy scene for them; to others it's likely to be altogether too much.

Her-and-the-sea

JEAN CAYROL :

Histoire de la mer

188pp. Paris : Seuil. 21fr.

Géraldine, ten years old, wayward, dreamy, impulsive, daughter of the pompous and well-to-do M and Mme Royalty, loses consciousness when the Boeing in which all three are travelling to India crashes into the sea during a storm. Between the crash and her reawakening beside her mother in an inflatable raft lies the main part of the novel: Géraldine's adventures, in, on and under the sea. After a brief moment of incredulity and timorousness she discovers that she can both inhabit the alien element and understand the talk of its creatures, and, with more than a hint of a whimsically transposed *Divine Comedy* (the wise old turtle who is her early guide, the passage through fear and danger to the source of all things, the meetings with such as Ulysses …), gives herself over entirely to her new life. Finally, the younger brother of her turtle guides her back to her starting point, she wakes and hears her solemn reflections received as the harmless and inevitable ramblings of a shocked child.

Tone and emphasis apart, the components of *Histoire de la mer* are common to much, perhaps all, of Jean Cayrol's writing: the slow, amazed progress of a central figure through a landscape at once familiar and strange; the felt presence of a tension between innocence and evil; the struggle between a confused desire for wholeness and the seductive clarity of partial truths; the weaving together of prose, poetry and prose-poetry. These elements are, in a further stage, dependent for him on a single affirmation: that to be truly human is to accept true innocence. Such a perspective implies constant appeal to the *childlike* as exemplary metaphor; and it is *precisely this* which creates an aura of uncertainty round *Histoire de la mer*.

For this is a novel written with a child in mind; the words, that is, translate the novelist's eager attention to the ways in which an imaginative child might construe the world. The paradox is that, with the child as the central figure rather than concealed metaphor, there is a loss of intensity which not all M Cayrol's professional skills can hide. The episodes are beautifully written—there are some splendid comic set-pieces—and the force of M Cayrol's love for the world's possibilities is easily felt; but they *are* episodes, and it is *his* love; and meanwhile *there is* Géraldine. In a relationship *given* as her-and-the-sea there are *no* limits other than those of her imagination; but there is no room for a different imagination. Géraldine moves between being subject and object, explorer and explored, in ways that lie outside that relationship; and we shift uneasily after her. M Cayrol has not trusted her—or himself—enough.

The two latest and very welcome Alfred Duggan re-issues contain the best and worst work of a writer who wrote nothing bad. *Founding Fathers* (283pp. Peter Davies. £2.50) has some lively guessing about nascent Rome, but crisp surface never quite bonds with primitive content. *Winter Quarters* (224pp. £2.25), however, is probably the most brilliant book in the canon. A Gallic cavalryman from the Pyrenean foothills serves under Caesar on the Rhine, is recruited for Crassus, goes with the legions to Rome, then via Greece and Syria to the Parthian frontier and the debacle of Carrhae. Camul is an aristocratic barbarian with his own critical standards; his commentary on Roman, Greek and Hellenistic civilization is most illuminating entertainment, and the accounts of battle *are masterly*.

Somewhere north

GEOFFREY ROSE :

A Clear Road to Archangel

187pp. Macmillan. £1.75.

Think of Mazeppa's Ride and, perhaps, of the earliest and little-known romantic novels of Graham Greene, and you will have something of the strange, cold, dreamy flavour of Geoffrey Rose's second novel. A young unnamed Englishman is its narrator. Speaking no Russian, he has been sent as a spy into Russia because, we casually learn, he has the knack of total visual memory. But we are not concerned with this gift or these duties, only with his dutiful attempt to reach Archangel from the fortress where he was being tortured by the inadequate but terrible Captain S.

Our hero does not know where the fortress was or where Archangel lies, except, presumably, to the north. He does not know—no one knows—the political and military situation of the country. For this is 1917, a Russia where landowners still rule vast estates and gypsies create manwolves for their hunting, with Red and White soldiery roaming between, the latter more likely to befriend a patriotic Englishman, but no certainty in this or in anything else. Fantasy *is* reality in this carefully limited, almost inhuman novel, which succeeds, for its duration, in imposing its mad yet true-seeming world as a small universal.

…ime in short

MICHAEL INNES :

Appleby's Answer

192pp. Gollancz. £1.60.

A satisfactory small obfuscation, but less so of solution, the abominable colonel's motives for misleading elderly spinster writers or, indeed, anyone else, being insufficiently clear, even in Innes's idiosyncratic fantasy-world.

PETER NEWTON :

Sheep Thief

189pp. Robert Hale. £1.70.

Though clumsily written and psychologically trivial, this story of New Zealand high country may still appeal to those who enjoy a simple but special-subject yarn.

RITCHIE PERRY :

Nowhere Man

192pp. Collins. £1.70.

Lines must be drawn. Ritchie Perry's second book is as fast and ingenious as his first, but too anti-human to recommend. There is a degree of casual killing for fun that sticks in the gullet, and here it is.

ALEXANDER THYNNE :

The Carry-Cot

163pp. W. H. Allen. £1.90.

If Alexander Thynne's first novel had really been built on the theme of a battered baby, it might, for a first novel, have looked more hopeful, despite the total absence of that love (what love? any love) that people must feel for someone if they are to be credible, in fiction as in life. But to drop in corny old magic, and then to avoid conclusions by a device inadmissible except in the weakest SF, will *not* do.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT :

A Pride of Pigs

223pp. Macmillan. £1.75.

Another good gripping story of provincial bobbying, if possible more atrociously written than ever.

CAROLYN WESTON :

Poor, Poor, Ophelia

210pp. Gollancz. £1.75.

California police story, but one mercifully sparing all intimate domestic relations, concerned only with those between a pair of detectives, young and educated, tough and trad, the drowned girl and the starched young lawyer, the last certainly guilty but only doubtfully of any thing that could count as formal crime. A promising first thriller—but what a melancholy picture of West-Coast dropouts.

T·L·S

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The make-up is the message

HAROLD EVANS :

Editing and Design
Book Five: Newspaper Design

214pp. Heinemann. £4.50.

Stanley Morison once wrote to a friend describing newspaper typography as "a subject that is, in fact, much more difficult than it *looks*". Harold Evans's exhaustive work, with well over 400 reduced page-facsimiles of newspapers of all vintages, both demonstrates the truth of this remark and displays easy mastery in handling the complexities of its theme.

To begin with, the status of this volume has to be appreciated. It can be understood, and used, on its own; but it is the fifth and concluding Book of the monumental manual which, with the general title *Editing and Design*, the editor of *The Sunday Times* is producing under the auspices of the National Council for the Training of Journalists. The first Book, *Newsman's English* appeared early last year. The intervening three have not yet been published; they will deal respectively with the handling of text, with news headlines and with picture editing. Clearly there is a sensible sequence here; the first four Books build up to the summit of the whole series in the volume under review.

There need be no hesitation in commending this work in its own right, not only as the most detailed and instructive manual on newspaper design for the advanced student and the actual practitioner, but also as an illuminating survey for the intelligent newspaper reader who is not a professional journalist.

Thus, Mr Evans's second chapter provides valuable historical background for his central proposition that "newspaper news cannot effectively be communicated visually without newspaper design". Taking the half-century 1908-1968 he presents page-facsimiles, chosen at ten-year intervals, from five very different English and American daily newspapers.

The three English papers, the *Daily Express*, *Daily Mirror* and *The Times*, variously exemplify the trend to stronger but simpler editorial display, to horizontal as against vertical stress in make-up, to the integration of pictures with text and headings in overall page design. It is a pity that the facsimiles from *The Times* have been reduced so severely that the essential details are hard to make out.

Here, the general point may be made that lithographic facility of facsimile-reproduction can be pressed too far. The substantial format and double-column setting of this book has allowed most of its many facsimiles to retain adequate clarity; even those that are heavily reduced usually suffice. This, however, cannot be said of some reductions to what can only be called postage-stamp dimensions.

This is the one very occasional blemish in the book's presentation. Fortunately it does not affect the facsimiles illustrating Mr Evans's extremely interesting discussion of the "tabloid", or half-sheet, newspaper. His sixth chapter deals with this theme, taking it well beyond traditional tabloids like the *Mirror* and the *Sun*.

In this wider category come the *Evening Standard*, with the sweeping changes it introduced in 1969 and the switch of the *Daily Mail* from broadsheet to half-sheet format in 1971. The *Mail* initially sought to imitate certain styles adopted by *Newsday*, the Long Island evening paper which in recent years has shown how a tabloid can be sensationally successful by eschewing sensationalism. This is perhaps the most instructive of all the American examples cited here.

Typical of Mr Evans's breadth of view is his devotion of a long chapter to international design, comparing twenty-six front pages on identical date from all over the world, many in foreign languages. Typical, on the other hand, of his intense practicality are the half-dozen chapters which examine the factors affecting layout, the elaborate process from editorial dummy to printed page, and the modes of making changes.

Editors of great national newspapers have not been [illegible] culate about the tech[illegible] trade, nor have they [illegible] organized fashion to a[illegible] fessional level of jou[illegible] eral. In this respect [illegible] remarkable phenomen[illegible] come one. Welcome [illegible] grasp of the primary [illegible] *function* is fundamen[illegible] paper design (or any [illegible] matter). He stressed [illegible] he was editing the S[illegible] and in 1965 re-designe[illegible] Eastern regional mor[illegible] plary fashion. He [illegible] it is still his first con[illegible]

Mr Evans warns [illegible] "fashionable fallacy" [illegible] technological days e[illegible] left to the engineer. [illegible] technology, he observ[illegible] self relevant to desig[illegible] essential is still the [illegible] munication of ideas" [illegible] reasoned plea for a co[illegible] between journalists a[illegible] signers and suggests [illegible] "new breed" of journ[illegible] might be produced.

Wall flowers

BEVIS HILLIER :

100 Years of Posters

xvi pp plus 96 plates. Pall Mall. £2.25.

Bevis Hillier's introduction marches briskly over fairly well-trodden terrain—from Frederick Walker's poster for Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White* to Millais's "Bubbles", Beardsley, Mucha, Cheret, Lautrec, Steinlen, Hassall, the Beggarstaffs, McKnight Kauffer, Cassandre and on to the present day. On the way Mr Hillier manages to make some questionable statements. "Just as", he claims, "the practice and example of journalism helped to rid literature of the ponderous periods and latinate words of Victorian writers, the economy and crude symbolism required of poster artists encouraged the development of an art not slavishly representational." Really? If Mr Hillier believes that journalism and poster-designing did this trail-blazing work, then he should argue the case at length. Also doubtful is his description of the Picasso design for Cannes: the fact that it consists of a painting (far from one of Picasso's best) which happens to have some writing at the bottom hardly entitles it to be called a graphic poster of high quality.

Quibbles apart, however, the introduction is sensible enough, though the extremely long lines of type make for hard reading. The large page size, though, comes into its own with the illustrations, which are the point of the book. Here at least is one book that does justice to the size of posters (and unlike too many studies of the subject, Mr Hillier's tells us in the notes the dimensions of the originals). The selection is excellent. Mr Hillier has avoided posters which are excellent in themselves but in danger of becoming hackneyed by being reproduced too often—"Skegness is *so* bracing", for example, or Cassandre's "Etoile du Nord". Instead, the selection concentrates on posters that are less familiar but still outstanding, though the choice of more recent works seems to have been made on no very clear principles.

Capitalist duck

ARIEL DORFMAN and ARMAND MATTELART :

Para leer al pato Donald

160pp. Buenos Aires : Siglo XXI.

As Walt Disney's inquisitors, these two authors frankly admit that they are not the first to be aware of him as a propagandist of imperialism and the American way of life. Still, most of their time is taken simply developing that thesis, with quotations and cartoon clips which (predictably perhaps) can prove more compulsive reading than the prose they are embedded in.

Ariel Dorfman and Armand Mattelart are writing out of Allende's Chile, with more than adequate reason to be daunted by their enemies' enormity within and without, and by their own political precariousness. Their instructions on how to read Donald Duck, on how to find him disenchanting enough to get expelled from your colonial Disneyland club, have an earnest vivacity and a hint of apocalypse. And their insights into the loveless genealogy, the impoverished innocence, the social alienation, the money fetishism, the metropolitan exploitativeness, the presumptuous universality, and so on, of Disney's main characters can excite considerable sympathy for the critics' own morality, especially when it comes to more recent cartoon adventures, where barely disguised American involvement in Latin America, Asia and Africa is depicted with about as much sense of global responsibility as Bob Hope puts into an average joke for the troops.

But this is precisely because in these areas Disney is least funny; or, at any rate, there is an inverse proportion between the quantity of laughter and Disney's apparent jumpiness when faced with anyone who has the gall to offer military resistance to the United States. In other words, any neo-Marxist devoting so much time to this particular brand of American consumer goods should, ideally, pay more attention to the varying qualities, functions and contexts of humour itself, Marx's and Disney's senses of it differing as they do.

Views

E. A. GOODWYN [illegible]

Selections from Norwi[illegible] 1760-1790

144pp. E. A. Goodwyn[illegible] Ashman's Road, Bec[illegible]

E. A. Goodwyn [illegible] the files of the [illegible] and the *Norwich* [illegible] of passages which [illegible] topics of interest [illegible] to their readers du[illegible] of the reign of G[illegible] arrangement is no[illegible] by subject, and the [illegible] restricted to the ne[illegible] also includes letter[illegible] and the effusions of [illegible] as well as advertise[illegible] of some bibliograph[illegible] the books and mag[illegible] advertised (though [illegible] well as some adverti[illegible] culating libraries.

The result is an [illegible] of the social history [illegible] not as it may be seen [illegible] as it was seen by the [illegible] themselves two ce[illegible]

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A. K. Hamilton J[illegible] *and Its People*. (Da[illegible] £2.10.) Patrick Leigh [illegible] *meli*. (John Murray [illegible]

Wine and Food

Betty Falk: *The* [illegible] *ery Book*. [illegible] Simon: *A* [illegible] 30p.)

The locale of consciousness

ARLES McCREERY :

[illegible]chical Phenomena and the [illegible]ical World

[illegible]pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.30.

[illegible] absorbing book begins with a [illegible] working definitions, notably of [illegible]ucid dream (one in which the [illegible]mer knows he is dreaming), of [illegible]re-lucid dream (in which he is [illegible] quite sure) and of an out-of-the-[illegible]y experience in waking life [illegible]ere the observer perceives ex-[illegible]al objects "from a point of view [illegible] coincident with his physical [illegible]y").

[illegible] the first and more important [illegible] of the book, Charles McCreery [illegible]sses with alarming clarity the [illegible]blem of how to tell the difference [illegible]ween psychical, psychological, [illegible] physical phenomena as sub-[illegible]vely encountered. How, for [illegible]nce, can you be certain whether [illegible] you are dreaming? To test [illegible] senses—even by asking some-[illegible] else to pinch your arm—to [illegible]ge in closely thought-out philo-[illegible]ical talk, to check your refer-[illegible]s in a book, may all prove to [illegible] part of the dream, whence you [illegible] emerge to a "false awaken-[illegible]", dress with anxious haste and [illegible] on true rousing, find yourself [illegible]d. Oddly enough, Mr McCreery [illegible] not contrast this kind of [illegible]ience with its twin opposite [illegible]king life when, say, falling off a stepladder with what seems infinite slowness, or struggling to keep an urgent appointment by taking the wrong bus through wedged traffic, getting off, missing a train and finally losing the way on foot through a maze of streets, the sufferer finds momentary comfort in reflecting that this is so awful it must be a dream.

It is easier to recognize whether or when you are having an out-of-the-body experience, because you will probably see among the real objects perceptible to other people your own physical body lying on a bed or on an operating table or on the road. (It would be interesting to know whether it is usually seen as itself or as the reversed image familiar from the mirror.) In these experiences, as Mr McCreery points out, the locale of consciousness is the vital question, since it differs so completely from that of the eyes and that of the brain centre to which their impressions are relayed for interpretation. True, that centre has a faculty for "making sense" of the oddest incoming data—witness the results of recent experiments with volunteers learning to "see" correctly through spectacles that turned the world upside down, or to estimate correctly the proportions of a visually distorted room. But the processes involved there were learnt, not spontaneous, and the impressions, however peculiar, came in from organs of sight in their normal place, not looking down from above themselves. We are still left wondering what and where the observer/interpreter in an out-of-the-body experience may be.

Going on to discuss the matter of distinguishing between apparitions and living persons, Mr McCreery narrows down his terms to a degree not everyone would accept. While many people, notably Rosalind Heywood, would differentiate apparitions that seem to be aware and purposeful from apparitions that do not, he defines every apparition as an appearance without consciousness. Nevertheless, he shows how difficult it is to find any absolutely conclusive way in which the observer can tell such an appearance from a living person, though he points out that—empirically speaking—living people endure longer, interact more constantly with their physical environment, and are more likely to be seen by everyone present than "ghosts" are. Considering the "materializations" of Eusapia Palladino, Mr McCreery examines among others a theory that she was able to produce collective hallucinations among her sitters, but does not collate it with what is now known about hypnosis—a subject which has much to contribute to the study of psychical research. It is significant, for instance, that post-hypnotic suggestion can cause people normally awake to perceive all manner of objects alive or inert, that are not "there" for anyone else.

A brief but illuminating survey of psycho-kinesis concludes this part of the book, which succeeds in shaking up any comfortable assumptions about the nature of perception, the perceiver and the perceived in which the reader may previously have reposed.

The second part of the book is largely concerned with reports of the work of the Institute of Psycho-Physical Research at Oxford (the book, indeed, is Volume Four of its Proceedings). Closely connected with the argument of the first part are excerpts from accounts by two sensitive and articulate observers of their own strange experiences. One is the nineteenth-century Marquis d'Hervey de Saint-Denys, who kept between the ages of thirteen and eighteen diaries recording and illustrating his dreams. Quite early on he began to have lucid ones, in which he could think, choose, act—e.g., by trotting or galloping his dream horse to the right or to the left—and even experiment by throwing himself down from great heights to see what would happen. The other observer, "Subject F.", who belongs to our own time, also reports lucid dreams and records successful experiments during their course with the senses of sight, hearing and touch (taste, smell and warmth were less vivid) and unsuccessful attempts to produce pain. It would be most interesting to have some comparison of all this evidence with the study of hypnogogic imagery. This occurs among certain people, such as the sixteenth-century Dr Cardan, a twentieth-century psychiatrist now dead, a contemporary housewife—who produce for themselves between sleeping and waking as it were a series of colour films which they watch with the intense but detached interest of cinema-goers.

There are comments on some fifty instances of out-of-the-body experiences received by the Institute after the publication of the Director's book on the subject, and a note about the fulfilment of Mr McCreery's suggestion in *Science Philosophy and ESP* that an accelerated alpha-rhythm would be found in the electro-encephalograms of those "in a state of conscious extra-sensory perception". (What happens, one wonders, to people who, as Dr Grey Walter reported in his 1969 Eddington Memorial Lecture, have no alpha-rhythm at all, apparently because all their thinking takes the form of visual imagery?)

The remaining paper deals with some experiments undertaken at various social levels to determine whether the eldest born of a family was more likely than the others to succeed in ESP tests; a detailed analysis of the results shows that on the whole this was so and discusses possible reasons. Mr McCreery cites the findings of Galton, Havelock Ellis and others about the general ability of eldest children, but tends to underestimate the probability that, having been "dethroned" and deprived of much of the conscious communication with their mothers to which they were accustomed, they may develop in compensation a high degree of telepathic awareness in order to remain linked with her.

Books received

Biography and Memoirs

[illegible] ENA with BROD, RUTH HAGY. *Twigg*. *Medium*. 295pp. [illegible] H. Allen. £3.

[illegible]wigg writes of her life and acti-[illegible] simply, sincerely and directly, [illegible] careful to point out that "no [illegible] medium can guarantee" to [illegible] anything. Her own experi-[illegible] are of great interest. Thus it [illegible] odd to find that her sensa-[illegible] on going into a trance should [illegible]ble so closely those of the six-[illegible]-century physician, Jerome [illegible] (who used to do so in order [illegible]pe the pains of gout): "I get [illegible]ation at the back of my neck, [illegible] the top of the spine", writes [illegible]wigg; Cardan has been quoted [illegible]ing "it began in the place be-[illegible]e brain called the cerebellum, [illegible]read itself through the spine". [illegible] conducts séances in a [illegible] state, and the reproductions [illegible] tape-recordings of what went [illegible] her unconscious remarks in [illegible] and sitters' comments in [illegible] are most interesting. The [illegible]retation she puts on her ex-[illegible]ces is predominantly spiritua-[illegible] great deal is ascribed to "the [illegible] people" who are "seldom [illegible] and such beings as the Age [illegible]lan, the Other Side, "pass-[illegible]" and the "etheric body" are [illegible] as source of raw material, [illegible]icular, the volume is of consi-[illegible]

[illegible]ation

[illegible] W. A. C. *Progressives and [illegible]icals in English Education [illegible] 1970*. 529pp. Macmillan. £6.

[illegible]terial of the two-volume study [illegible] *Educational Innovators* is now [illegible] into one long book. New [illegible] like those of Ivan Illich and [illegible]odman on "deschooling" are [illegible] but this retains the basic [illegible] for students of radical ideas [illegible] reforming people in educa-[illegible]

[illegible] SIDNEY (Editor). *Lancashire Family Histories: Pedigrees*; [illegible] 20pp. Manchester Joint [illegible] Lancashire Bib-[illegible]graphy. Paperback.

[illegible] a series of historical [illegible] issued by the Lancashire Bibliography Committee, this volume provides an alphabetical index of Lancashire families with references to sources for a genealogist to consult. The abundance of material in print and manuscript in the county's libraries is emphasized by the editor in his preface.

Government

PARRIS, HENRY. *Staff Relations in the Civil Service*. Fifty Years of Whitleyism. 204pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.10.

To those interested in the evolution of industrial relations in the Civil Service at a time when these are more in the news than usual, this is an important book. It contains a valuable critique of the Fulton Report, and reflects wisely on the conflict between the obligations of the Government as an employer and its obligations in sustaining an incomes policy.

History

SUBRAHMANIAN, N. *History of Tamilnad to A.D. 1336*. 431pp. Madurai: Koodal. Rs35.

N. Subrahmanian's comprehensive history of Tamilnad is a typical example of the excellent work which historians of southern India are now turning out. It is scholarly, detailed and authoritative, and is to be followed by another volume, which will bring the record up to modern times. The events here set out will be largely unfamiliar for many students, except in so far as they impinge upon—or are impinged upon by—the better-known happenings of the north, such as Malik Kafur's great raid in 1311, which the author rightly describes as "the most incredible campaign recorded in Indian history". The miseries which Muslim rule brought to Tamilnad are feelingly related, as is the Hindu reaction associated with the rise of Vijayanagar. There are excellent chapters describing Tamil overseas adventures, court life, local government, social organization, and literature—on which Professor Subrahmanian is an acknowledged authority. This is a satisfactory and absorbing book, and it is a pity that thin paper and rather close-set type make some pages a little difficult to read.

Literature and Criticism

BANERJI, SURES CHANDRA. *Smrti Material in the Mahābhārata, being a collection of verses which are important from the sociological point of view*. Volume 1 (Text). 584pp. Sures Chandra Banerji, 77a Golf Club Road, Calcutta. Rs15.

To the orthodox Vedic scholar, there is a sharp distinction between *sruti* (inspired revelation) and *smrti* (traditional learning). Under the latter heading may be grouped the mass of sociological material found in the enormous compilation of history, legend and doctrine known as the *Mahābhārata*. Sures Chandra Banerji is among the most respected Sanskrit scholars in present-day India, and he has extracted from the recent critical edition of the *Mahābhārata* issued by the Bhandarkar Research Institute of Poona the passages which illuminate the structure of Indian society in the age of the Epic. These passages are carefully classified under their subject-matter and are here textually produced. The author's approach reflects the almost mystical reverence which the *Mahābhārata* enjoys in the estimation of so many of India's peoples even today; he himself would elevate it to the position of one of the factors uniting the different races and cultures of India. This volume is essentially intended for Sanskrit scholars; the historians and sociologists must await Dr Banerji's further elucidation of this theme.

Local History

DAVIS, RICHARD W. *Political Change and Continuity 1760-1885*. A Buckinghamshire Study. 262pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £4.95.

For this study of electoral politics in the period of the 1832 Reform Act and afterwards, Richard Davis concentrates his attention on Buckinghamshire for reasons explained in his introduction. His study questions the old assumption that the Reform Act left the landed classes' control over elections almost unimpaired. Farmers, tradesmen and professional men of independent mind exerted a political influence, exemplified in this examination of county and borough politics in the earlier and middle years of the century.

Medicine

MANAKA, YOSHIO and URQUHART, IAN A. *Acupuncture*. 143pp. Tokyo: Weatherhill. Distributed by Phaidon. £2.75.

Acupuncture has been practised in China since the third millennium BC. The authors of this short book claim that it contains a statement of principle the application of which successfully alleviates many ills before which Western medicine remains disarmed. In China it is believed that illness is basically nothing but a disturbance in the balance of body energy, and that medicine should, therefore, be much concerned with the quality of impulses passing along the energy pathways of the body. The theory behind the practice of acupuncture is described at some length but it remains, unfortunately, rather obscure. The accounts of the equipment needed and of the techniques required for its successful practice are expressed clearly and well. A few case-histories are given, and the illustrations and diagrams are useful and agreeable. Knowledge of the points where acupuncture can be applied is of assistance in dealing with a physical attack from another person, in a way not unlike judo, while colour blindness can be successfully treated by acupuncture. This is an interesting account of a form of medicine of which very little is known in the West, but which is widely used in the East.

Music

POLWARTH, GWEN MARCHANT. *Come you not from Newcastle*. Folk Songs and Dance Tunes from the North. 48pp. Newcastle on Tyne: Frank Graham. Paperback, 60p.

There are now half-a-dozen collections of Northumbrian and Durham folk songs and pipe tunes issued in paperbacks by Frank Graham. The present volume is not the first to draw on the collection of Gwen Marchant Polwarth. It contains a number of songs and tunes that were given general currency by W. G. Whittaker half a century ago; others are not familiar outside their locality. There is only one criticism to be made of so valuable a publication—its lack of any editorial comment. Admittedly, this is not usually a necessary feature of a songbook for practical use, but we ought to be told where the songs come from. Thus in the case of the song which gives its title to the book, the tune appeared 300 years ago in Playford but the verses to which it is set are not given in Chappell nor in either of the revisions of Chappell by Wooldridge or Simpson. In many cases "Author's collection" is given as the source, but we ought to be told more about this because her version of "Earl Brand," for example, is the same as that in Bruce and Stokoe of 1888. In some cases the names of the singers are given; in others no ascriptions are made. Full credits, however, are given to some songs made up in the folk style as recently as 1969. Among the forty-five tunes are six street cries.

Philately

Stanley Gibbons Europe 3 Foreign Stamp Catalogue O-Z. 595pp. Stanley Gibbons. £2.65.

This volume completes the revised Gibbons catalogue of Europe just in time to meet the anticipated two-way increase in interest in European stamps following Britain's entry into Europe. More important, perhaps, to stamp collectors in Britain is the up-to-date pricing of those lists not covered by the short-lived sectional catalogues, these including Russia, Turkey and Yugoslavia, for which the old 1970 one-volume Europe catalogue was still doing duty. In each case, quite apart from pricing, extensive rewriting has rendered the 1970 catalogue obsolete.

Reference Books

The International Who's Who. Thirty-Sixth Edition, 1972-73. 1,856pp. Europa Publications. £10.

The Writers' and Artists' Year Book 1973. A Directory for writers, artists, playwrights, writers for film, radio and television, photographers and composers. 426pp. Black. Paperback, £1.

Religion

JACOB, MICHEAL. *Pop Goes Jesus*. 104pp. A. R. Mowbray. Paperback, 50p.

Micheal Jacob, a songwriter and press officer for a missionary society, has examined "pop religion" in Britain and North America. His attitude is sympathetic but critical. Included are most of the groups which (in his own idiom) "have hit" the newspapers; of special interest is his chapter on the lesser-known but perhaps most significant of them, the Focolare Movement, which came here from Italy and is working in many other parts of the world. This is probably the best introduction to the "new youth for Christ" groups yet published in Britain; its short paragraphs, with popular slang phrases, are irritating but representative of the life-style described.

WILLIAMS, R. R. *Faith and The Faith*. 134pp. A. R. Mowbray. Paperback, 90p.

The Bishop of Leicester has always treated very seriously the charge to teach given to bishops at their consecration, and his sermons and lectures have been supported by a number of small books which demonstrate the wide extent of his theological reading. In his latest volume, which is very good indeed, he first discusses the various meanings of the word "faith", and then turns directly to the Christian Faith, how it is developed and maintained through the changing centuries, how it has its limitations, and how it is to be used in the world where it has to function. This book is conservative in the best sense of the word, but the Bishop's essential common-sense accepts the contributions made by scholarship; he has read the moderns as well as the

Fathers. The sincerity and firmness of his own belief is always clear, especially in the chapter on the horizons of the Faith, where he is undisturbed by the limits to the Christian's knowledge, and sees that Science has similar limitations. It is a small book, easy to read, and can be warmly commended.

Science

COLLIS, JOHN STEWART. *The Vision of Glory* The Extraordinary Nature of the Ordinary. 261pp. Charles Knight. £3.

The popular exposition of science is not such a feature of publishing now as it was when Jeans, Eddington and others of the same calibre were writing, possibly because many more people can now understand what scientists say in their books. Among the practitioners J. S. Collis has won a special place, not merely by his scientific accuracy, but also by the splendour of his language. This volume contains selections from three of his books—*Paths of Light, The Moving Waters* and *The Triumph of the Tree*. Mr Collis has aimed at and successfully achieved a sequence of thought in each section.

Social History

ALLISON, R. S. *The Seeds of Time, being a short history of the Belfast General and Royal Hospital, 1850-1903* 318pp. Belfast: Brough, Cox and Dunn.

R. S. Allison's "short" history fills a large volume and provides in great detail the earlier part of the story of Belfast's chief hospital, of which the modern history since its reincorporation as the Royal Victoria Hospital in 1903 was published twenty years ago. It is more than a domestic account, for Dr Allison discusses the public health and medical practice of the city through a time of active reform and progress, including the effect on the prevalence of particular diseases of better working conditions and a good water supply. He also surveys the beginnings in about 1820 of academic medical education in support of the clinical teaching in the hospital. Biographies of the principal worthies enliven the numerous extracts from old minute books and statistical reports.

DOBBIN, CHRISTINE. *Urban Leadership in Western India.* Politics and Communities in Bombay City, 1840-1885. 305pp. Oxford University Press. £6.

Considering the political and social importance of the contribution which urban leadership made to the development of national consciousness and national resources in nineteenth-century India, it is perhaps remarkable that so little attention has been paid to the conditions amidst which this leadership took shape. Christine Dobbin's book—an adaptation, as she states, of an Oxford DPhil thesis—helps to remedy this deficiency so far as Bombay is concerned. The island of Bombay, with its magnificent harbour, has for long been an important centre of sea-borne commerce; but its great opportunity came with the establishment of British rule in Western India. The city held a strong attraction for numerous different classes of people in search of commercial opportunities, intellectual pursuits, or just plain jobs. Dr Dobbin shows that no single elite group evolved from this mixture—influence was shared between the shetias of commerce and the intelligentsia of the pen and the robe.

She traces how each group reacted to conditions under the British Raj and how conservative and social reformist principles exerted a divisive influence. So much power lay in the hands of the shetias and the caste-heads that the intelligentsia, failing to find the support that they wanted locally, began to join with like-minded outsiders on an all-India platform, bypassing the intricacies of a civic life which they could do comparatively little to shape. As the educational gap between the two elites became narrower, however, both sides began to find common ground in movements of religious reform, and the shetia, like the intellectual, came to be involved in all-India affairs, political as well as religious. Only very slowly, as the author makes plain, did any challenge to the two elites emerge from the lower castes and communities traditionally excluded from knowledge and power. This book is a model of careful scholarship and research.

Social Studies

BULL, DAVID (Editor). *Family Poverty.* 216pp. Duckworth. £3.45 (paperback, £1.25).

This second edition of a series of essays, originating from talks at a Child Poverty Action Group conference and first published in October, 1971, shows signs of hasty and piecemeal updating. Regrettably, the addition of prefaces, notes and postscripts make these important (but never easy to read) essays somewhat harder to follow and diminishes their impact. Some recent relevant developments, such as the Housing Finance Act and the proposed tax credit scheme, are not covered.

CLARK, RONALD W. *A Biography of the Nuffield Foundation.* 224pp. Longman. £3.95.

The Nuffield Foundation has existed for thirty years: it was in 1943 that the late Lord Nuffield endowed with £10 million his foundation for "the advancement of social well-being"—the last big gift in the motor millionaire's long list of charitable donations. It has since helped in a variety of projects, among them the Jodrell Bank telescope, ecological researches in Uganda, land reclamation in South Wales and food processing. The author has had free access to records but there has been no restraint on his liberty to criticize.

MEAD, SHEPHERD. *Free the Male Man!* The manifesto of the Men's Liberation Movement. 154pp. Michael Joseph. £2.

After Women's Lib an American humorist states his policy for a masculine ditto. An amusing book, but when it comes to tactics Shepherd Mead does not shrink from parts that are hard, and where others would just smite the enemy hip and thigh his targets are most closely defined.

Travel and Topography

FAIRFAX, JOHN and COOK, SYLVIA. *Oars Across the Pacific.* 8,000 miles by rowing boat. 255pp. William Kimber. £2.90.

Here is the log of the ocean rowers. Everything is in the book—the sea, the weather, the logistics, the relationship, the mishaps, the domestic detail and the triumph.

LEWIS, RALPH. *Scene in Sussex.* 146pp plus unnumbered plates. Research Publishing. £1.50.

Essays on Sussex life and the Sussex scene which embrace history, sport, theatres, the coastal resorts, pubs, and much else. It is something of a hotch-potch from which a good deal of local lore can be extracted, though blemished by a rather obtrusive facetiousness.

WOOD, G. BERNARD. *The North Country.* 320pp. Hale. £3.50.

It is not easy to compress into one volume an account of a region as wide, varied and full of surprises as the North of England, and G. Bernard. Wood's arrange[illegible] material, subject by s[illegible] perhaps, the most [illegible] chapter on the [illegible] North being followed by the parish churches [illegible] villages, museums, [illegible] fairs and festivals [illegible] Wood has a specialist [illegible] old buildings, and his [illegible] a good deal of inform[illegible] and other matters, but [illegible] unifying plan or [illegible] us hopping, in some [illegible] from one side of the [illegible] other. Nor are we [illegible] extraordinarily archaic [illegible] begins with "Dame [illegible] first sentence and [illegible] roseate hues of dawn" [illegible] and more or less [illegible] dard in between.

War

THOMAS, DAVID A. *Crete [illegible] Battle at Sea.* [illegible] Deutsch. £3.75.

More than half of [illegible] with the strategic background [illegible] battle for Crete, the [illegible] a highly detailed account [illegible] played by British [illegible] defence of the island [illegible] evacuation of British [illegible] wealth troops. It is [illegible] on published sources [illegible] to have gathered [illegible] accessible form detail [illegible] positions and operations [illegible] would otherwise have [illegible] a multiplicity of sources [illegible] lytical comment does [illegible] the operations and, [illegible] two interesting questions [illegible] pursue them. Its final [illegible] Admiral Cunningham's [illegible] risk more of his ships [illegible] attempt to bring off [illegible] a sign that he had [illegible] despair and can [illegible] empty rhetoric based [illegible] dence nor on understanding [illegible]

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Candidates for the first post should be Chartered Librarians and for the second post should have completed qualifying examinations for the Library Association. National scheme: pensionable post: medical examination. Canvassing disqualifies.
Application forms and further details from the Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon NW4 4BR.
Closing date: 3rd March, 1973.
R. H. Williams, Chief Executive and Town Clerk.

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Application forms and further details from the Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon NW4 4BR. Closing date, 10th March, 1973.
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THE CITY UNIVERSITY
THE LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the University Library. Five G.C.E. "O" levels or the equivalent are required.
Salary scale rising to £1,737 per annum, entry point determined by age, experience and qualifications.
Application forms are available from The Acting Librarian, The City University, St. John Street, London EC1V 4PB, to whom completed forms should be returned by 7 March, 1973.

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The successful candidates will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the Corporation's Superannuation Fund.
Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Wellington Road, Dewsbury, Yorkshire WF13 1HW, to whom applications must be returned so as to reach him not later than 10th March, 1973.

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LIBRARIAN
[illegible] BELPER HIGH SCHOOL [illegible]

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APPLICATIONS are invited from Honours Graduates for a POST as ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the CATALOGUING DEPARTMENT. Library experience and/or professional qualifications are desirable.
[illegible]

COUNTY BOROUGH OF GUILDFORD
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[illegible]
H. C. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk.

BOROUGH OF HYDE
DEPUTY BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
[illegible]

ILKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARIES
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NATIONAL CENTRAL LIBRARY
[illegible]

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
[illegible]

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION
[illegible]

HON. SOCIETY OF MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY
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DIVISION 2
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[illegible]

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
[illegible]

PUBLIC HEALTH LABORATORY SERVICE
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PERIPATETIC [illegible] ASSISTANTS [illegible]
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LIBRARIANS

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CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN, A.P. 3
APPLICATIONS are invited for the [illegible] and application forms from [illegible] Librarian, West Hill District Library, West Hill, London. [illegible] 26th February, 1973.

[illegible]SON'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL
[illegible] SE5 8PD
[illegible]

[illegible] UNIVERSITY
[illegible]

[illegible] OF IBADAN
[illegible]

Furzedown College
Welham Road, SW17 9BU
Principal: Miss M. J. Gavin, M.Sc.
ilea

Library Assistant
required as soon as possible. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience within the range £1,164 at 18 years of age to £1,344 at 21 and over (£1,401 for graduates) to a maximum of £1,806. Annual leave 3 weeks and 3 days (plus Bank Holidays) rising to 4 weeks and 1 day after 5 years service. GLC/ILEA pension scheme.
Applicants should have at least 5 G.C.E. passes (2 at "A" level) of which one must be English Language and three others from the usual academic subjects, i.e. Mathematics, Sciences, Modern Languages, History, Geography, etc.
Further details and application forms obtainable from the Chief Librarian at the College, to whom completed forms should be returned as soon as possible.

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in the School of European Studies from 1 October 1973. Duties will include teaching at Honours level in one of the Scandinavian languages (with some preference for Danish) and selected aspects of modern Scandinavian literature. The stipend will be on the scale £1,764 to £4,299, plus F.S.S.U., but it is hoped to make the appointment initially within the range £1,764 to £2,397.
Details of the appointment may be obtained from the Establishment Officer, University of East Anglia, Norwich, NOR 88C, with whom applications (one copy only) together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than 9 March, 1973.

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Female, possibly qualified, with experience in library work concerning business subjects, required by Professional Association. Duties will include cataloguing, classification, answering enquiries and other general work. Typing essential. Five-day week.
Salary £1,650 p.a. plus L.v.s.
Please write or telephone stating age, experience and qualifications to:
The Librarian, 23 Bedford Square, London W.C.1. Tel. 01-636 9129

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Salary according to the Lecturer Scale of the University of London, commencing at not less than £2,559 per annum, inclusive of London Weighting.
Candidates should have either a degree in social science or have had substantial experience in a social science library.
Application forms and further details can be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, The Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 120 Belsize Lane, London NW3 5BA.

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Applications including a complete curriculum vitae and the names of three referees should reach the College Secretary before March 31, 1973.

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R. TRAVERS MORGAN & PARTNERS
Wellington House
Strand, London WC2R 0AR

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Applicants, who must be local government officers serving in England (excluding London) and Wales, must have experience of a Music Library and have an appropriate degree or be Chartered Librarians.
Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. General local government conditions apply, together with assistance with removal, etc. expenses in appropriate cases.
Application forms, returnable by the 12th March, 1973, are obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Libraries, William Brown Street, Liverpool, L3 8EW.
STANLEY HOLMES, Chief Executive and Town Clerk.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT
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N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful applicant subject to medical examination.
Removal expenses of up to £115 and lodgings allowance of £5 per week pending removal. Mortgage advances and guarantees also available in certain circumstances.
Applications (no forms) together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 8th March, 1973, from whom further details may be obtained.

London Borough of Islington
ASSISTANT CATALOGUER
(AP III £1,947-£2,244)
(Including L.W.)
Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above post.
Application forms and further details are available from the Chief Librarian, 68 Holloway Road, London N7 8JN (Tel. 01-607 4038), to whom they must be returned by 9th March, 1973.

ilea INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY
BARNSBURY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Barnsbury Park, Liverpool Road, N.1.
Chartered Librarian
required for a newly organised library resource centre playing an important part in the intellectual life of the school. Interest in cataloguing and willingness to work as a member of a team essential.
Salary scale: £1,944 to £2,424.
For further details about the school please contact the Headmistress (Tel: 607 8385)
Application forms from the Education Officer, Estab. 2a[illegible], Room 2[illegible], County Hall, SE1 7PB. (Tel: 633 7546). Closing date for receipt of completed applications 9th March 1973.

LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY
Assistant or Senior Assistant Librarian
Applications are invited from graduates or chartered librarians for the post of Assistant or Senior Assistant Librarian, to be responsible for reader services including supervision of the automated issue system.
The appointment will be made on the scale £1,764-£2,238 (bar)-£2,874 or £2,874-£3,510 (bar)-£4,299, depending on qualifications and experience.
Postcard requests for details and application form to Assistant Registrar (Establishment) ref. 73/5.
Loughborough — Leicestershire

AUSTRALIA
Public Service of Tasmania
State Library
Librarian—Burnie
Salary Range: $6,620-$6,821 per annum (Graduate)
$5,843-$6,683 per annum (Non-Graduate)
Commencing salary will be determined in accordance with qualifications and experience.
Location: Burnie is the main centre for Tasmania's thriving and picturesque North-West Coast where the emphasis is on industry, agriculture and tourism.
Duties: Supervise the Burnie Library and the day-to-day work of the Regional Library Headquarters including preparation of staff rosters. Select adult books for purchase. Control and coordinate book receipt and distribution processes. Supervise book request and cataloguing procedures, book exchange programme, withdrawals from stock, accounting routines for petty cash expenditure and recording of income. Maintain statistics for the Region. Undertake publicity work as directed. Deputise for the Regional Librarian as necessary.
Qualifications: Associateship of the Library Association of Australia or recognised equivalent qualifications. At least 5 years post qualification experience. A University degree would be an advantage.
Recreation, long service and sick leave are provided and superannuation is compulsory for permanent officers. Passages can be arranged and reasonable removal expenses are paid.
For application forms and further information please write to the Agent General for Tasmania, 458 Strand, London WC2R 0RJ. Applications close on Wednesday, 21 March.

CITY & COUNTY OF NORWICH
Norwich Public Libraries
MUSIC LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for this new post. Salary within AP4 (£2,109-£2,388)
The successful candidate will undertake the whole of the planning and equipping of a gramophone record lending service due to open in October in the Norwich Central Lending Library. The post also involves full responsibility for the augmentation and maintenance of the present music collection. Removal expenses and temporary housing may be available.
Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the City Librarian, Central Library, Norwich NOR 57E, and completed applications, restricted to Local Government Officers serving in England (excluding London) and Wales should be received by 16th March, 1973.

COLOMA COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
Applications are invited for the post of
LIBRARY ASSISTANT
(full or part-time). Previous library experience desirable.
Salary according to age and experience in the range £702-£1,308. Could suit retired person with experience.
Apply in writing to: The Principal, Coloma College of Education, Wickham Court, Layhams Road, West Wickham, Kent BR4 9HH.
Closing date 9th March, 1973.

EDITORS
Two full-time research editors are required for a period of 2 or 3 years, responsible to the Editorial Board, to work upon Halkett and Laing's DICTIONARY OF ANONYMOUS AND PSEUDONYMOUS ENGLISH LITERATURE which is now in the process of revision. The positions will be of interest to recent graduates (or those of similar standing) with an interest in bibliography and English literature, allied to an interest in publishing and administration.
One research editor will be based in Oxford with access to the Bodleian Library, while the second may be required to work either in Oxford or London. The salary will be in line with that for a junior or assistant university lecturer and recoverable business expenses will also be paid.
Applicants should write giving details of their experience and qualifications to:
The Divisional Managing Director
Oliver & Boyd
Tweeddale Court
14 High Street,
Edinburgh EH1 1YL.
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